CARTOONIST PROfiles

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.

VERBENA

NO. 50, JUNE 1981

$ 5.00

MEET NANCY AND MARIO RISSO!

The husband-and-wife team who created...

FATHER'S DAY™

The new comic strip about an American family

LOOK, KIDS, I'VE GOT A DINNER DATE TONIGHT.
I'LL BE AT CHEZ ANTOINE'S. HERE'S THE NUMBER...
BUT DON'T CALL UNLESS THERE'S A BIG EMERGENCY...
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc
OK, ROBIN, YOU TELL SUZY IF SHE WATCHES "LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY" AT 8:30, THEN DADDY SAID YOU CAN WATCH YOUR SHOW AT 9...

Mario Risso made several submissions to us over the years. We knew he had that special something, so we encouraged him to keep on sending us ideas.

One day FATHER'S DAY™ arrived. It was a strip about the trials, tribulations and humor that a single-parent household experiences. And besides having a terrific new idea that we liked immediately, Mario Risso also had a collaborator — his wife, Nancy.

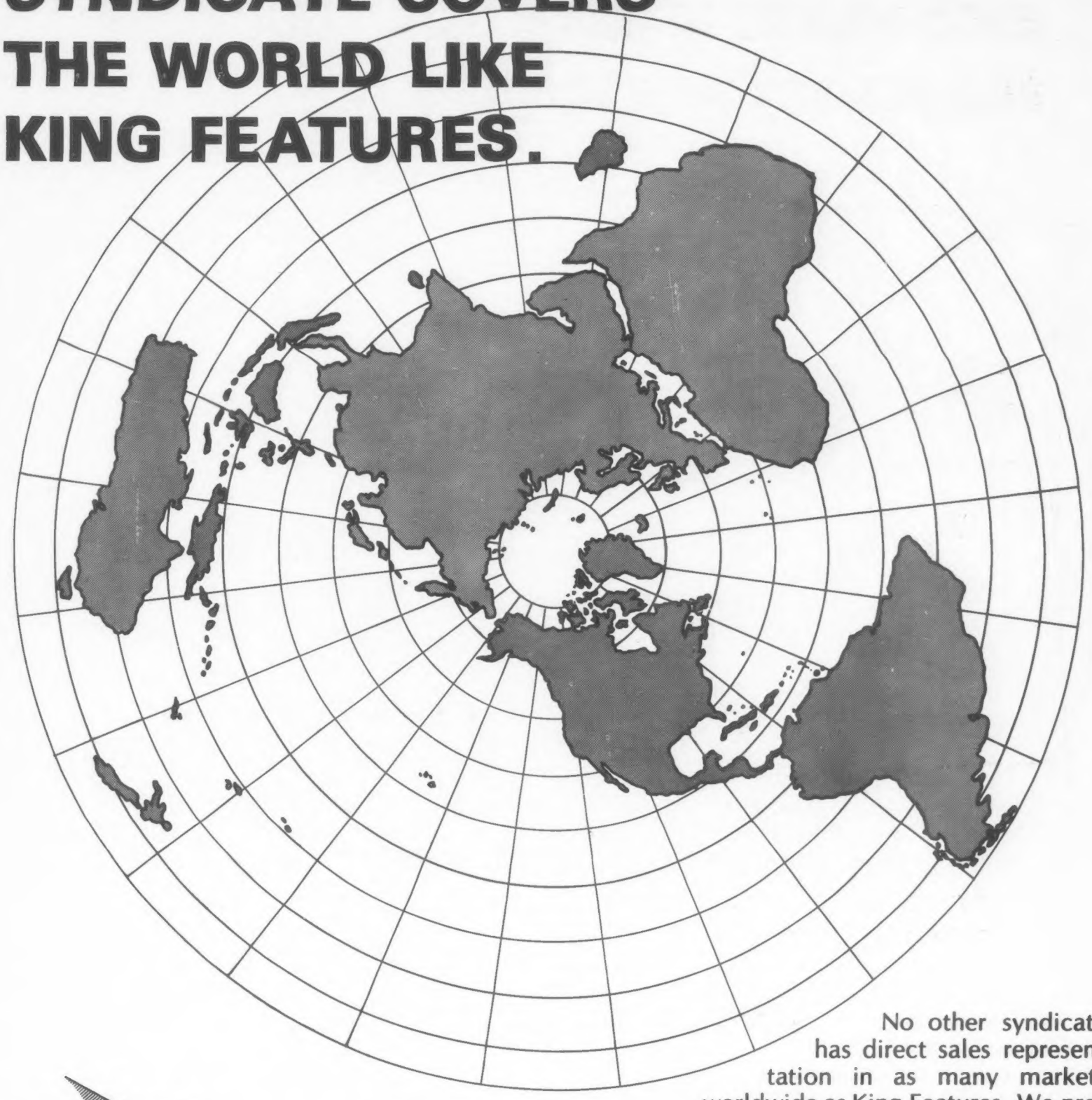
Now, FATHER'S DAY,™ the result of their collaboration, premieres nationwide in May.

Have an interesting idea for a comic strip or panel? Then try United Feature Syndicate first!

Send submissions to: Bobby Miller, Managing Editor, Comics

UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE
200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10166

NO OTHER SYNDICATE COVERS THE WORLD LIKE KING FEATURES.



No other syndicate has direct sales representation in as many markets worldwide as King Features. We provide service to more than 3,300 papers around the globe. That's one reason King Features has more superstrips than any other syndicate. Comics like *Blondie, Beetle Bailey, Hagar the Horrible, Snuffy Smith, Archie, Hi & Lois, Tiger, The Lockhorns, Flash Gordon, The Phantom, Steve Canyon, Prince Valiant* and more. That's the reason Walt Disney uses King Features as exclusive syndicator for five strips, including *Donald Duck, Scamp* and *Winnie the Pooh.*

King Features. It's the world's most successful newspaper syndicate.

King Features Syndicate

Bill Yates
Comics Editor
235 E. 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

THE BORN LOSER and FRANK & ERNEST each appear in more than 1,000 daily and Sunday newspapers!

THE BORN LOSER
© 1981 by NEA, Inc., TM Reg. U.S. Pat. & TM Off.
Art Sansom
FRANK & ERNEST
ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD TO HEAR I'M SICK... I'D HATE TO THINK I'M SUPPOSED TO FEEL THIS WAY.
THAVES
© 1981 by NEA, Inc., TM Reg. U.S. Pat. & TM Off.

If you have an idea for a comic strip or panel that's good enough to be syndicated someday to a thousand newspapers, send it to NEA. But remember, you have your *best* chance if you submit your *best* work.

SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO:

Bobby Miller, Managing Editor, Comics
NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSOCIATION
200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10166

NEA

CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD
June 1981, No. 50

Verbena 10
Grim Natwick 18
David Low 20
Editorial Development 26
Ben Swift 28
The Electric Cartoonist 32
Hello Carol 34
I. Klein 44
The Katzenjammers 50
Preston Blair 56
Zim Autobiography 60
Jack Markow 64
Museum News 68
Pulp Cover Dean 72
Stan Lynde 77

This publication is available in microform.

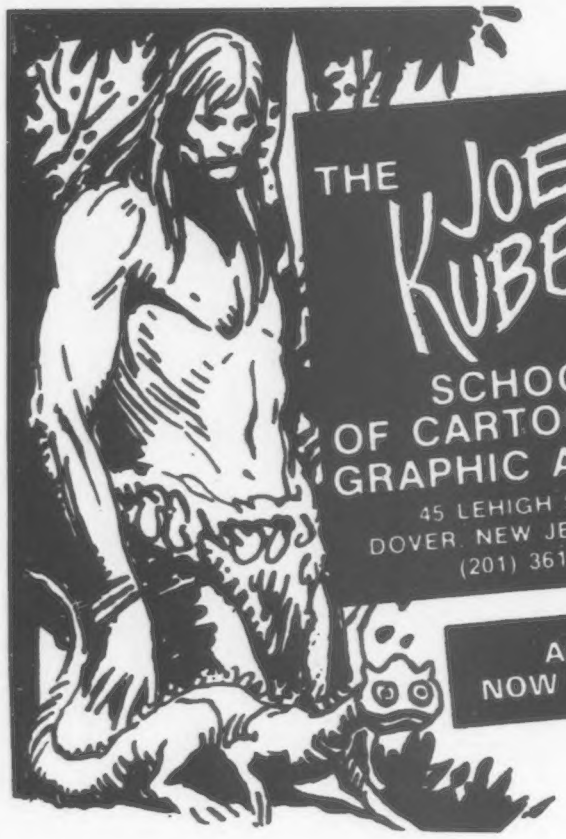
University Microfilms International

Please send additional information for _____
(name of publication)
Name _____
Institution _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

300 North Zeeb Road
Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106
U.S.A.

30-32 Mortimer Street
Dept. P.R.
London W1N 7RA
England

CARTOONIST PROfiles (ISSN 0008-7068) is published quarterly (March, June, September, December) by CARTOONIST PROfiles Inc. Subscriptions and correspondence pertaining to them should be addressed to P.O. Box 325, Fairfield, CT 06430. Editorial office of publication is located at 281 Bayberry Lane, Westport, CT 06880. Subscription rates: U.S. $12 per year; Canada $13; Foreign $14. Library & School subscriptions: U.S. $15.00; Canada $16.00; Foreign $17.00. Canadian & Foreign remittances should either be by Postal Money Order, or by checks in U.S. Funds drawn on U.S. banks.
Copyright 1981 by CARTOONIST PROfiles Inc. Reproduction without written permission is prohibited. Advertising rates on request. Second-class postage paid at Westport, CT 06880 and at additional mailing offices.



THE JOE KUBERT SCHOOL OF CARTOON AND GRAPHIC ART, INC.

45 LEHIGH STREET
DOVER, NEW JERSEY 07801
(201) 361-1327

APPLICATIONS NOW BEING ACCEPTED

Is proud to announce it has been granted ACCREDITATION from the National Association of Trade and Technical Schools.

ACCREDITED SCHOOL
NATTS
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TRADE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

Approved for Veterans Financial Aid Available

3 Year Course: Cartoon - Graphics • Cinematic Animation

---

calling all cartoon buffs!

Here's your opportunity to get information about the most up-to-date correspondence course in cartooning available today. Write for FREE information and brochures NOW!

CARTOONERAMA
BOX 263-CP BRANFORD, CONN. • 06405

ROCKY MOUNTAIN
SCHOOL OF ART
specialists in Figure Anatomy
Cartooning Second Year
COMMERCIAL AND FINE ART
Phil Steele, Director
1441 Ogden St.,
Denver, Colo. 80218

WANTED:

New or used 'Lucey' or 'Art-o-Graph' projector. Must be in working order. Write Box D, Cartoonist Profiles.

PHONE (215) 876-1292
F.D.
GAS
KOFF
GULP
SPOOT
BILL HOLMAN
For the Collector of
Fine Original
COMIC AND CARTOON ART
CARTOON CARNIVAL
WE have a VAST inventory of specially selected comic art plus newspaper daily and Sunday strips!
SERVING FANDOM AND COLLECTORS SINCE 1974 - Stu Reisbord, Owner
Send $1.00 for our illustrated catalog listing 100's of art buys!
THE CARTOON CARNIVAL
408 BICKMORE DRIVE - WALLINGFORD, PA., 19086 (215) 876-1292

PRESENTING A GROUP OF

"QUINCY" COMIC STRIPS AND DRAWINGS

BY

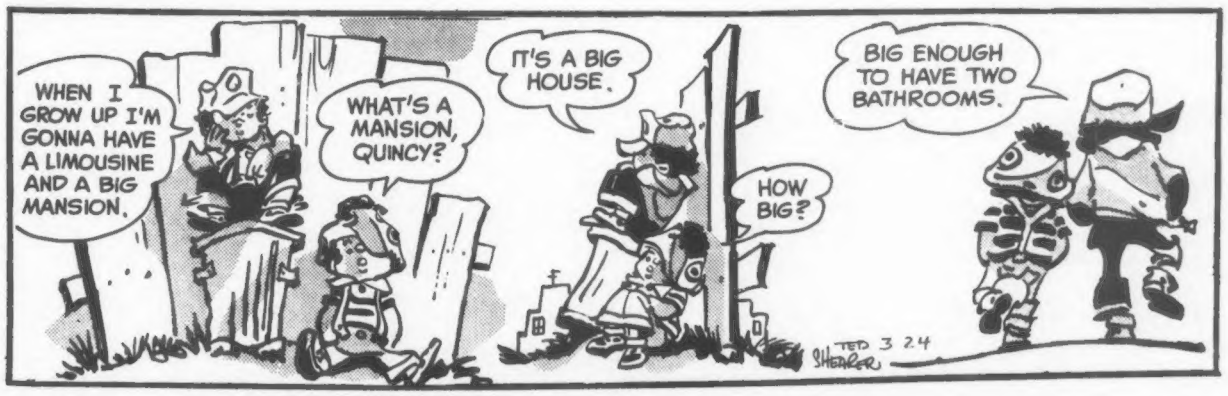
TED SHEARER

AT THE

COURTHOUSE GALLERY

WESTCHESTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE
GROVE STREET
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y. 10601
914-682-2682

JUNE 5, 1981 TO
JUNE 30, 1981
MONDAY-FRIDAY
9 A.M.-6 P.M.


WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA HAVE A LIMOUSINE AND A BIG MANSION.
WHAT'S A MANSION, QUINCY?
IT'S A BIG HOUSE.
HOW BIG?
BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE TWO BATHROOMS.
TED SHEARER 3 24

© KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

Sotheby's Los Angeles

AUCTION OF FINE COLLECTIBLES: CELLULOIDS, CARTOONS, DRAWINGS

Monday and Tuesday, June 29 & 30, 7:30 p.m.

Celluloid of Mickey Mouse as the Sorcerer's Apprentice

Featuring Disney celluloids and memorabilia from the collection of Alice Turney, Disney artist 1938–1948 including animation drawings, etc.; several Winsor McCay drawings of 'Gertie the Dinosaur' circa 1914; Li'l Abner cartoon drawings by Al Capp; cartoon drawings by Al Dorgan, Lyman Young, Fred Lasswell and Bob Montana; together with music boxes, slot machines, dolls, toys and various other collectibles.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION:
Friday through Sunday,
June 26–28, Noon to 5 p.m.

Illustrated catalogue $7, $9 by mail
Order by sale no. 311A with check enclosed

Celluloid of Donald Duck and Sports Car

Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc.

7660 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036 (213) 937-5130

Many Thanks, RONALD SEARLE, from CARTOONIST PROfiles!

Dear Mr.Hurd, 12th March 1981

I think it is remarkable that you have managed to not only keep "Cartoonist Profiles" going, but have also managed to maintain its original substance and quality.

Even though it remains basically an 'American' magazine we Europeans don't feel completely shut out. There is always something of a more general interest to keep us absorbed.

"Cartoonist Profiles" is obviously going to become an essential source of documentation and a vital part of the recorded history of American Graphic Humour. Meanwhile that doesn't prevent it from being thoroughly entertaining now!

Congratulations on your single-mindedness.

With kind regards.

Sincerely,

Ronald Searle

Verbena

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.

Until very recent years, there haven't been many women involved in the newspaper comic strip field. But that has been changing, and the newest addition to their ranks is 27-year-old PERRY HOWZE — whose strip, "VERBENA", to be distributed by the N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp., will make its debut shortly before you read the conversation below which your editor had with her a short time ago at the Yale Club in New York City.

Hurd: Did you cartoon your way through various schools and college, as so many of the men cartoonists have done?

Howze: No, I took art in high school, had two semesters of basic drawing at Yale and during my junior year at Yale I took a writing seminar that included about a dozen people, and was taught by William Zinsser. He's done quite a bit of writing, has been an editor, and has recently published a book called 'On Writing Well' which includes much of the information that came up in his seminar. This course gave me the only skill I felt I had. My skill wasn't too well polished, but after taking the seminar, I could see the way I was writing, the way I was talking, and the way I was thinking . . . and these things usually involved too many words. And Zinsser gave me confidence that I hadn't had before. Maybe I wouldn't even have attempted "Verbena" later if I hadn't had this writing experience.

But it wasn't till I got out of school that I started to consider all the things I enjoyed most and realized that "Humor Art" was one of them. I decided that cartooning would be a good way for me to combine my writing and drawing interests.

So the first thing I had to do was to teach myself to draw — which I did by living at home, locking myself in my room every day, and just practicing until I was able to put what I had in my mind down on paper. I had ideas of how I wanted my cartoon people to look and these seemed to have resulted from a combination of characters done by my favorite cartoonists and illustrators . I did a little sketching to teach myself to copy things from life — people or objects — anything just to get myself to draw. Then I'd go and sit in coffee shops from time to time to do this.

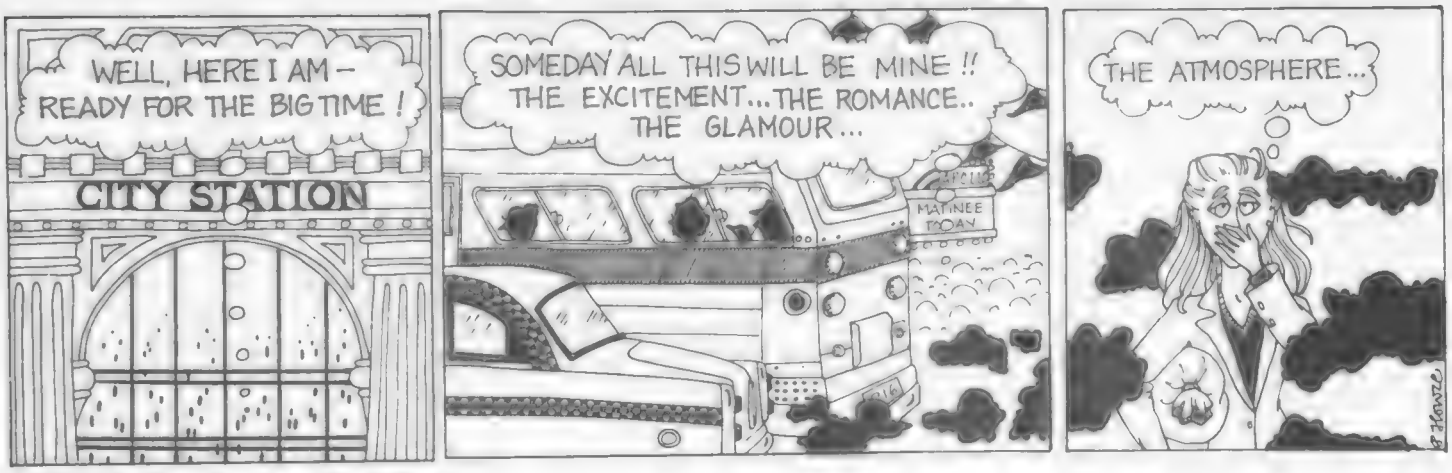
What Becomes A Legend?

Perry Howze at work in her New York studio. **Photographed by J. Frederick Smith**

VERBENA

BIG CITY! HERE I COME! HOW CAN I MISS? I HAVE EVERYTHING...
LIFE on $500 A?
DETERMINATION.. SMARTS.. AN ORGANIZED MIND... THE MAKINGS OF A REAL PROFESSIONAL...
TICKET, MISS?
TICKET? ...OH RIGHT... MY TICKET.. ..IS..UH.....
... ON THE KITCHEN TABLE...

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.


WELL, HERE I AM – READY FOR THE BIG TIME !
CITY STATION
SOMEDAY ALL THIS WILL BE MINE !! THE EXCITEMENT... THE ROMANCE.. THE GLAMOUR...
MATINEE TODAY
THE ATMOSPHERE...

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.

Hurd: You didn't copy characters from the funny papers, did you?

Howze: No, because the people in the strips that are in newspapers today didn't look like what I had in mind — there wasn't any cartoonist in the newspaper strip field whose drawing style I emulated. Mostly, what I did was look in the mirror — very narcissistic of me. I'd ask myself "what does a person look like — what does a nose look like", so I'd look in the mirror, make a face, strike a pose, and then draw what I saw. In the beginning, everybody I drew looked exactly like *me*, including the men, which didn't work, so I had to thicken the necks and broaden the shoulders of some of my characters. "Verbena" looks like me and it's probably because that's the character I've drawn most — she's the distillation of every face I make.

Hurd: You said that you didn't have any affinity with newspaper strip cartoonists. Whose work did you admire?

Howze: Although I'm a big fan of Garry Trudeau's, graphically I felt closer to John Held, Jr., I admired William Hamilton of The New Yorker and other publications, Peter Arno, and I always loved the Hilary Knight drawings for the "Eloise" stories which Kay Thompson wrote. I also love Jeff MacNelly's work but artistically I'm from a slightly different school. Oh, and I forgot to mention Mary Petty, who did so many drawings for The New Yorker.

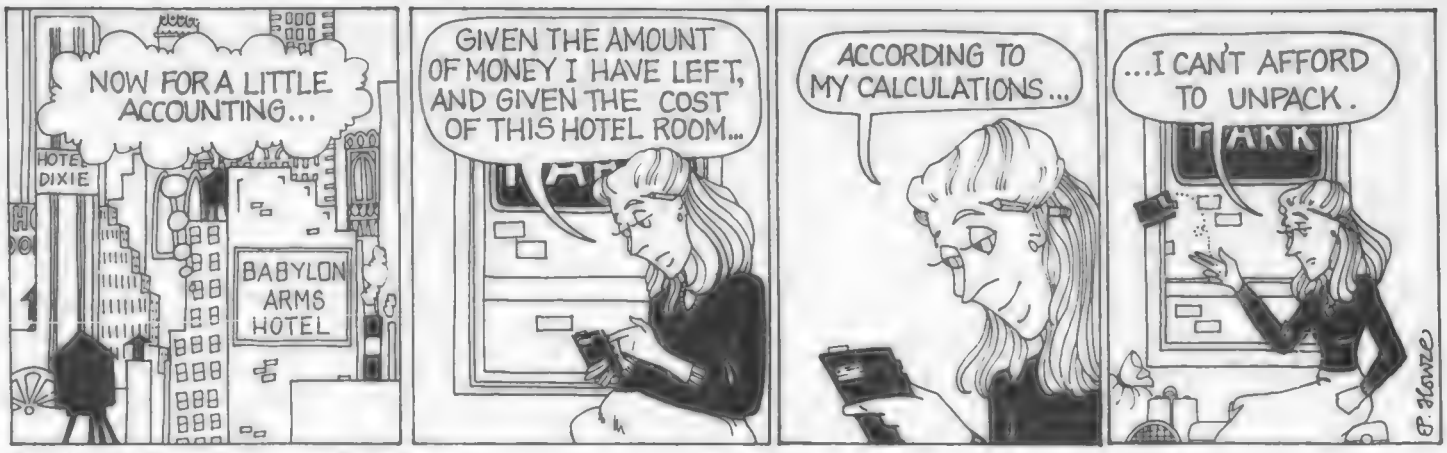
I always loved cartoons as a child because they got the idea over so quickly — it wasn't like having to read "Gone With The Wind" to get the point. The cartoon takes very little effort on the part of the reader — all you have to do is devote eight seconds and you usually get something you enjoy and find funny.

Hurd: How long was it before you approached some of the cartoon markets?

Howze: I graduated from Yale in 1975 and it took a while for me to evolve my style, to develop confidence, and to figure out, once I'd developed a style and thought I could draw, how to sell my work. It wasn't until two years ago that I felt I had enough steam to actually start a strip. I had conceived "Verbena" several years ago, when I was first out of college working at The N.Y. Daily News as a copy girl. But, at the time, my drawing was so primitive, it took me a struggling week to do one 4-panel strip, and I wasn't ready.

Some of the things that went on at The News, and that I was going through at that time were just nutty, and I felt I'd like to share them, so I decided that I wanted to do a cartoon strip. The name "Verbena" came to me in a neon flash one Thanksgiving Day as I was walking off a huge dinner. All of a sudden, I pictured a theater marquee with the name "Verbena Nash" surrounded by a million light bulbs. Immediately, I knew who she was — I sensed her character but I didn't know what form she'd take. I didn't know whether she'd be in a children's story or a cartoon strip heroine, or what she'd be. She wasn't myself exactly — I knew she was like me in some ways though. Well, soon after, I sent a memo upstairs to Bob Reed, the President of The Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate, saying that I was a fledgling cartoonist, and asking whether I could show him some of my work. I took up some single panel cartoons I'd done, and he suggested that I ought to work on *one* character. I did one strip — it took me forever to do it — and I brought it up to him, sweating and mopping my brow. Then he said, "Now do four more", so I went back and it took me a long time to crank out those

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.


NOW FOR A LITTLE ACCOUNTING...
HOTEL DIXIE
BABYLON ARMS HOTEL
GIVEN THE AMOUNT OF MONEY I HAVE LEFT, AND GIVEN THE COST OF THIS HOTEL ROOM...
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS...
...I CAN'T AFFORD TO UNPACK.
P. Howze

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.

four more. When I finally showed those to him, he said, "Now do *twenty*-four!" At the time that was just too much, so that I put the idea of the strip on a back burner.

Eventually I left The News, went to work at "Time" Magazine, and then quit that job because I was really miserable not working on my cartooning. It was an inner compulsion. I was making a very decent wage at "Time" and I loved the people there, but something inside me just would not sit still so, much to the horror of my family and friends, I quit my job and went back to drawing, full-time, all day long.

I had been living in a lovely apartment, I had to move back home because I had no money, and I decided the only way I was really going to get anywhere with cartooning was to devote full time to it. Moonlighting is very difficult when you're starting at the very beginning. So I lived very frugally and sold what I could on a freelance basis. I sold a couple of spot drawings to The New Yorker, and quite a few to Gourmet magazine. One of The New Yorker spots, showed the back of an envelope, one was an ink pot, another a stalk of wheat. Gourmet bought many, mostly having to do with food and flowers. These brought some money in though not very much, but I did get odd jobs — an ad here and a little illustration there, and so on. I was really having a struggle, not only financially but psychologically. I was very demoralized and had very little confidence, because in this business, a lot of people say "No" before anybody says "Maybe" or "Yes". And I was in the middle of a long string of "No's".

At this point my mother said, "Why don't you design some cards?" So I took some of my rejected spot drawings into a very charming gift store which was near our apartment, and asked them if they thought they'd make good cards. They

"The Howze Company" greeting card

© 1978 The Howze Company

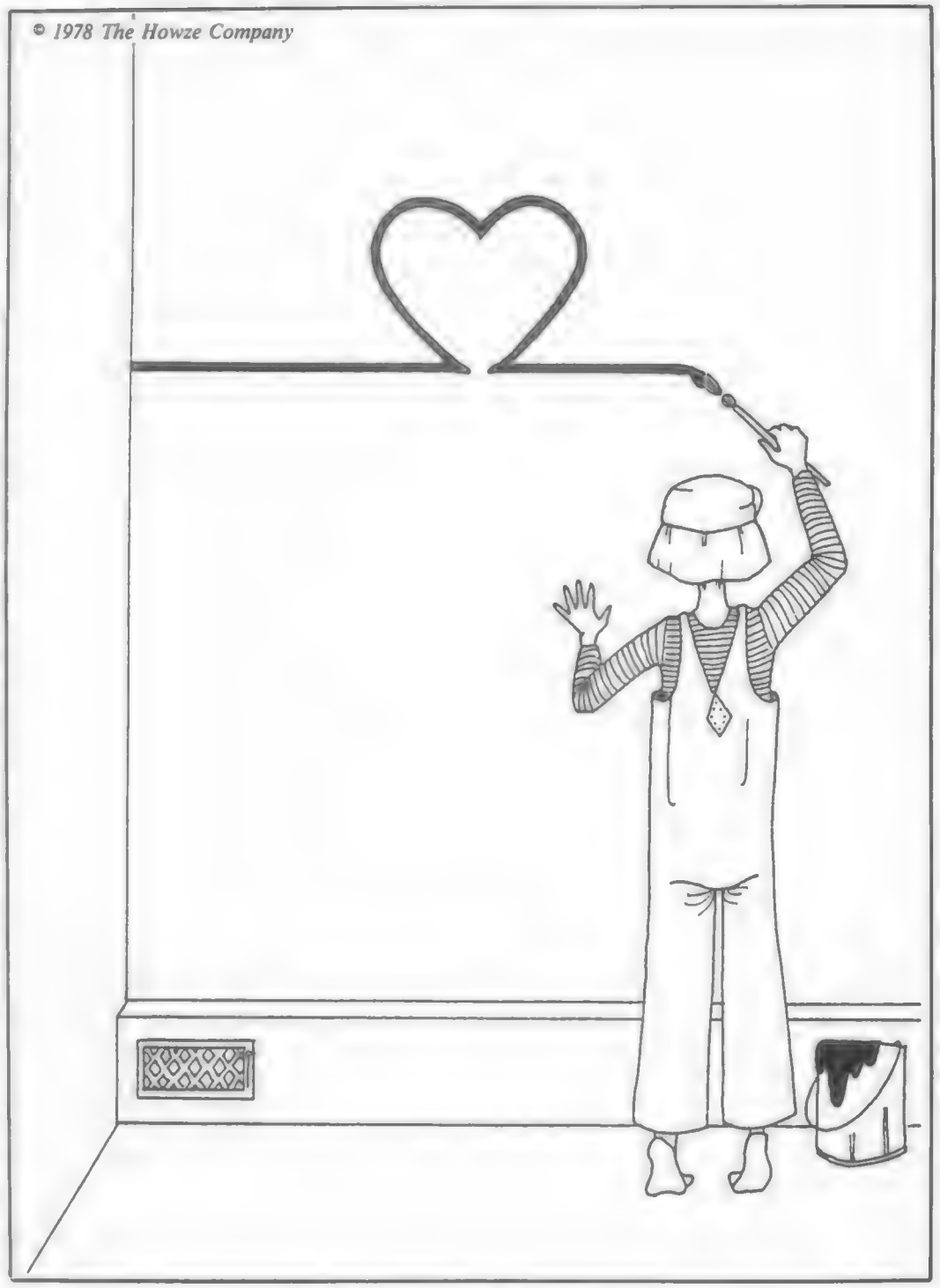
'The Two Step' by Perry Howze

HELLO, ASTOR? IT'S VERBENA... FINE, THANKS. I JUST MOVED TO TOWN. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME BY MY HOTEL FOR TEA?
PARK
24 HOUR
A MISS BRADSTREET TO SEE YOU.
SEND HER UP.
I GAVE THE BUTLER THE DAY OFF.
P. Howze

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.

said what they really needed was valentines so I trotted home and cooked up six valentines, brought them back, and they loved them. I had them printed up in black and white, colored them by hand, they sold, and I doubled my money in the process. This was a specialty store, sort of an eccentric gift place, and they have a lot of imagination; and they like to encourage people like me. Following this, I did more cards and I was very encouraged by the reception I'd gotten. Then I did a St. Patrick's Day card, some at Easter, and then at the end of that summer some more. Whenever I could afford it, I would print cards and then take them around myself and sell them to various stores. I did this intermittently for a while and then an old friend of mine, who had always liked my cards, asked if I would like to have a partner. She had some money to invest, and time, and so I said, "Yes!" We went into a partnership, the business did very well, we printed up a lot more cards, started to sell on a bigger scale, and got a place for the business. It was a lovely little enterprise, The Howze Company, but eventually I lost heart — I think that's the best way to describe it. I found that running a business left very little time for drawing. The only drawing I could do, within the agreement we had, and within the boundaries of the business, was to design more cards, and that could happen only a few times a year. I really found myself not being able to do what it was that I had been working at and striving to do.

Hurd: To go back for just a moment — how did you go about selling the cards?
Howze: Eventually our methods got more sophisticated, we got black portfolios in which to carry our cards, we'd make an appointment, go in and talk to the owner or manager of a store, and do our best. We never got in with a distributor, we did our own selling at most stores, although we had a couple of reps and we did the stationery show at the N.Y. Colosseum.



'The Squash Court' by Perry Howze

But because of my feelings which I described a few moments ago, we decided in a backwards sort of way to go out of business. This was very sad, and very traumatic. My partner and I had been best friends, and now once more we're very dear friends, but we had some rough spots because I wanted to close down the shop, and I couldn't seem to articulate why I felt this need to move on. It was this inner compulsion to draw all the time, and I wasn't very diplomatic. I really wanted to develop my skill as a cartoonist and as an artist. I was brimming with ideas and visions, I wanted to put them down on paper, and I had to spend too much time dealing with the nuts and bolts of running our business.

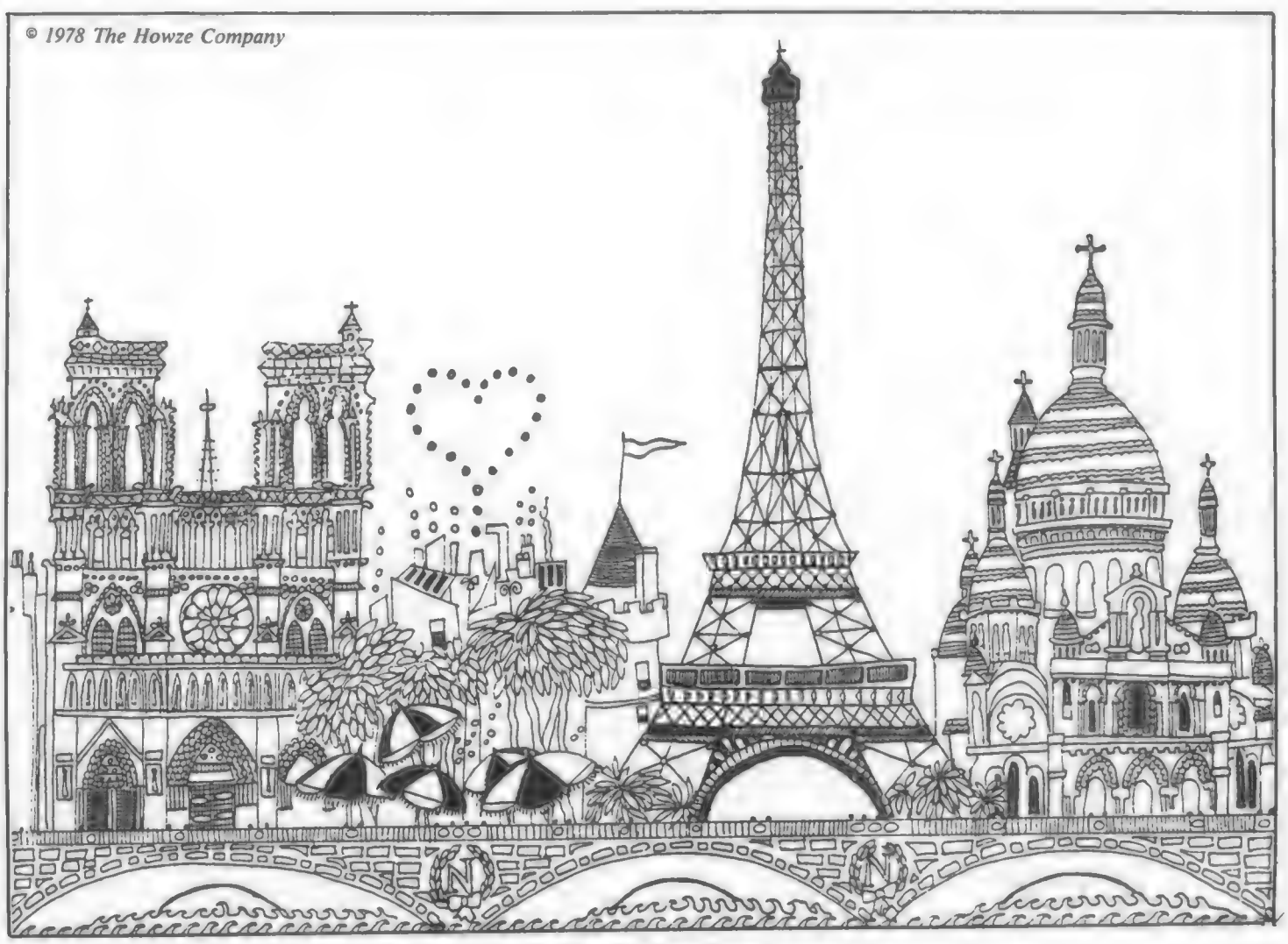
Following this decision, I looked for something that would integrate the experiences I'd had — good and bad — and that would involve a lot of drawing, and writing. So I came back to the idea of "Verbena". I had nothing to lose and it was a good time to try it again. It was a challenge for me to see if I could do it — I didn't know whether I could come up with 6-weeks-worth and then continue it as long as the public required. Also, I knew that doing a daily strip would really make me work and there would be no sloughing off the job. I knew that it would make me develop my skills the best that I could, and would keep my brain and my right arm well oiled.

Hurd: How did you happen to get connected with the Times?

Howze: I was in San Francisco talking with the General Manager of Chronicle Features, Stanleigh Arnold. A friend of mine who knew him, suggested I see him so I showed some early Verbenas. He asked me if I had tried the N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp. so, later, when I was ready to put some samples in the mail, I sent some to the Times. I didn't hear anything so eventually I called up. Marian Taylor, the Editor, said, "Oh yes — I remember you — I think you might have something here." I went to talk with her and she was very encouraging, right from the beginning. She's the primary reason I decided to sign with The Times. Executive Vice-President Jesse Levine also went over my submissions with Marian and with me. Their suggestions had to do with getting the story line in order, and making things work more quickly than I had done to begin with. There's a joke in the strip every day, and you don't have to have read it the day before, but there's a progression in Verbena's activities, which is what they were concerned with. Or Marian would look at a joke that I thought was brilliant and sometimes she'd say, "I'm sorry, this just doesn't work."

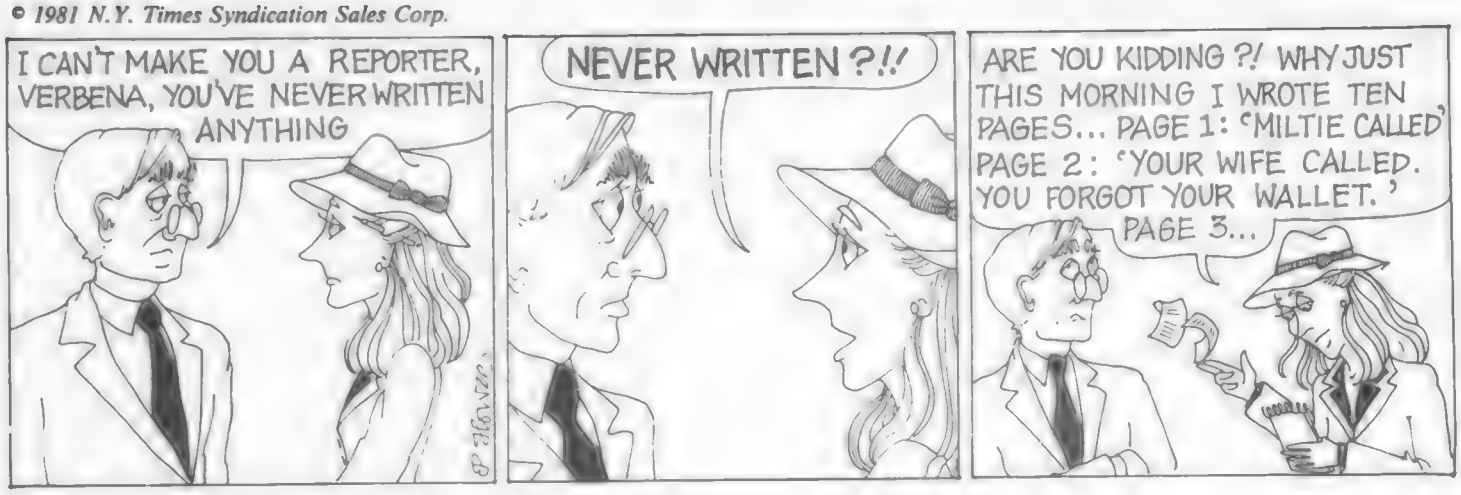
Hurd: How have you kept the flow of ideas going so far?

Howze: I carry a crumpled envelope with me wherever I go, and whenever I get an idea, whenever I hear something that I think might work, whenever I see something that's funny, I make a note of it. So, by the end of the month, I have dozens of little scraps of paper which I



'Gai Paris' by Perry Howze

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.


I CAN'T MAKE YOU A REPORTER, VERBENA, YOU'VE NEVER WRITTEN ANYTHING
NEVER WRITTEN?!!
ARE YOU KIDDING?! WHY JUST THIS MORNING I WROTE TEN PAGES... PAGE 1: 'MILTIE CALLED' PAGE 2: 'YOUR WIFE CALLED. YOU FORGOT YOUR WALLET.'
PAGE 3...

go through, and then write the scripts based on these preliminary ideas which still appeal to me. And I rip pages out of newspapers and magazines when I see a visual that I think I can get something from. Whatever I see in my environment that strikes a chord in me, I keep or make a note of, so that I can use it later. If it hits me out of the blue, there's usually something in it that I can develop. Sometimes I go to the library to write material because the library I use is so dreary that it forces me to concentrate — there's nothing else to do — and if I have 24 scripts to write, I have an easier time concentrating because the distractions are so few.

I have an apartment which is only slightly bigger than my drawing board so I made arrangements with a friend who has a regular 9-to-5 job, to rent her living room where I keep my drawing table. That's my studio during the day.

Hurd: Would you say something about Verbena and some of the other characters in the strip?

Howze: Verbena is a 21-year-old young woman who has just finished college and who has very big ideas about what life is like after school. And she thinks that now that she's an adult, and moving to the city, and getting ajob and having a career, is going to be an exciting and fabulous time. She thinks that now that college is over, the hard part is finished, and the fun begins. And she has a lot of illusions about what life is like — she isn't prepared at all for what it takes to earn a living, and to find your way in the world. And so the strip is about her shaking her illusions and her growing up, and finding out what really is in the world.

The first character she makes contact with is an old friend of hers from school — Astor Bradstreet, an heiress. Astor sees that Verbena is living in a horrible hotel and invites her to come live with her until she gets established on her own.

Verbena's next acquaintance is her boss, Mr. Ace Lemming, who is the editor of "Peephole" magazine, where she gets her first job.

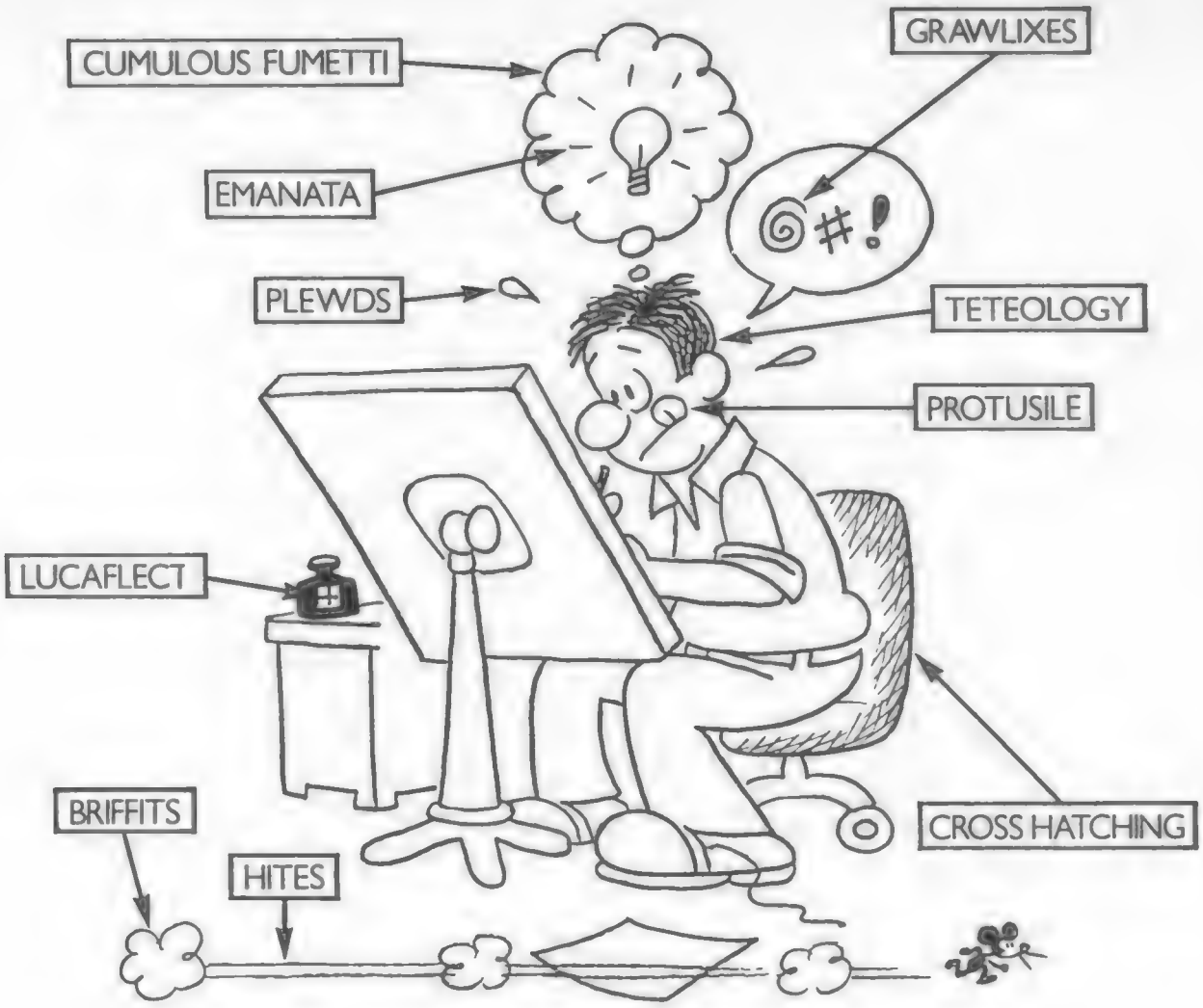
Her first friend at work is Peril Sneed, a young man her age, who has the same job she does at the bottom of the totem pole, and he's the publisher's son. Peril is something of a thug — I have great affection for him but he's rough-hewn while Verbena considers herself quite sophisticated. But they become good friends. So far these four are the major characters, but there are others who will come up — other people and romantic interests, and so on.

Hurd: Do you have any thoughts you'd like to leave with aspiring cartoonists?

Howze: My only suggestion is that if you have it in your heart, don't listen to anyone who tells you "No", and just carry on. There'll be many "Nay" sayers — but just follow every positive lead you can. If you persist, the chances of success are good. This profession is self-initiated — editors don't come around scouting new cartoonists. ●

PERIL, WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BE MY ROLE MODEL WHEN I BECOME A REPORTER?
SPORTS
DAILY SNOOZE
LOIS LANE? BRENDA STARR?
HOW ABOUT A REAL WOMAN
LIKE WHO?
LIKE MISS PIGGY
DAILY JOKE

© 1981 N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp.



The LEXICON of COMICANA

MORT WALKER

96 pages of Comic Insight by the top syndicated creator of "Beetle Bailey", "Hi and Lois", "Boner's Ark" and "Sam and Silo".

INCLUDES

- Informative advice for the aspiring cartoonist
- Tongue-in-cheek satire for the Pros
- Never-revealed secrets for the fans

All in all, a fascinating study of the dynamics of making funny pictures.

Published in association with The Museum of Cartoon Art

To obtain a copy send $4.95 plus $1 postage, payable to COMICANA BOOKS, c/o Brian Walker, 71 R Glenville Road, Greenwich, CT 06830.

ANIMATION

by Grim Natwick

The Goldfish Caper

Art Babbitt is an autocrat of the lightboard, a Paganini of comic movement, a master of mimicry, an Einstein of coordinated techniques, a Galileo of timing and spacing. He is a super animator, a man of lively wit and profound wisdom, especially in the area of cartoon animation. I'm certain he would prefer the goldfish incident were forgotten. It happened a short time before I started work at the Walt Disney Studio. I have listened to several versions of the event and have tried to stitch together what seems to me a correct and logical report of the incident.

It is one of those sillies that kept the early days at Disney's from being just a lot of Mickeys and Donalds and Plutos and Goofies and Big Bad Wolves. There were other silly occasions like the time the Story Men switched labels on Walt Kelly's assortment of canned goods, removing, for example, the label from a can of pineapple and putting it onto a can of tuna fish; switching the labels of apricots and lima beans and provoking the naive artist to suspect that sometimes American industry was a little cuckoo. Paralleling this droll quib, the ingenuous Ham Hamilton had devised a way of gluing strips of wax paper to the wings of flies which he then released into the air causing visitors at the studio to ask, "What are those weird little airplanes that are buzzing up and down the hallways?"

So there were silly moments at Disney's. The Goldfish Caper was perhaps the coup de maitre.

Art Babbitt was one of the dedicated animators at the Walt Disney Studio during the 'golden age'. Like many of the animators he was doing a little more work than good judgment would recommend. Art was being watched carefully by his Doctor. He was on a special diet and he drank only special drinking water.

The Los Angeles City water was, his Doctor told him, a watery grave for a billion minute bacteria, all deadly to the human body. Also the Doctor was a major stockholder in a company that delivered Crystal Springs drinking water. The good Doctor urged Art to keep a five gallon bottle of this virgin liquid in his room at the Walt Disney Studio. And that is exactly what Art did.

He had used Crystal Springs drinking water for only a few weeks when one morning he came to work and found the bottle filled with goldfish. I suppose there is a practical joker in every studio. The room next to Babbitt was occupied by Freddy Moore and a happy clutter of five or six rag-tag pop music devotees, young animators of the street corner or pool shooting ilk.

Acting on every reasonable conclusion, Art stormed into Freddy Moore's room, confronted Freddy and shouted, "O.K. Who's the wise guy?" I have used the word 'stormed'. Roget's Thesaurus, I am sure, could have supplied a better word. Babbitt's attitude had more the

character of an impending holocaust, of a gulf tornado or a prairie cyclone.

Freddy answered with, "What do you mean 'wise guy'?"

Babbitt said, "What kind of a yellow-bellied polecat put goldfish in my drinking water?" Really no big deal, of course, but Art was angry. Six cherub-faced young animators turned consolingly toward Art. "Goldfish in a bottle of drinking water. Well! Well!," they said. "Let's go have a look!", which they did.

This was not an event that sympathy could cure. Art was supposed to drink two glasses of water during the morning. He dared not drink the plague-impregnated tap water. Of course he telephoned the Crystal Springs drinking water company and they dispatched a man post haste with a fresh bottle of water. Art Babbitt, gentleman animator, friend of the oppressed, bon vivant, amateur hypnotist was crestfallen.

When his new five-gallon bottle of water was put in place, Art took a long, intense, gratifying drink. The drinking water man was very sympathetic. Pretending anger he said, "I can't understand how a sane man could do a thing like that!" Art blurted, "Who the bleepity bleep said animators were sane men!" The water man said, "Golly, they must be pretty smart if they know how to draw Mickey Mouse."

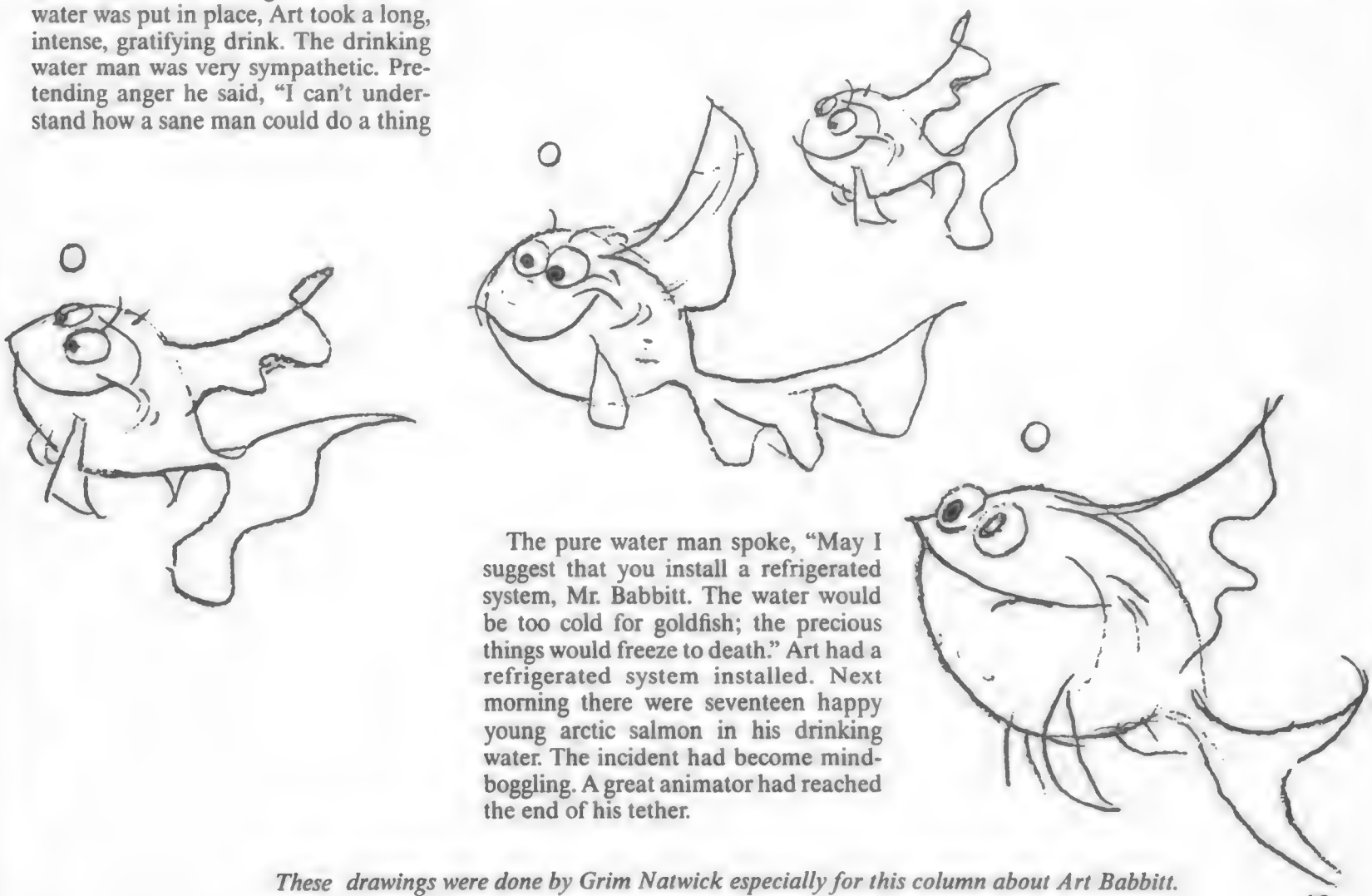
"Smart! These jokers don't know how to tie their own shoes. They're nitwits, gadflies! They're still being bottle fed!" Then, in a fleeting second of hilarity, Art joked, "I won't tell you what kind of bottle!"

"But they are civilized people, Mister Babbitt?"

"Civilized! My dear man, these millipedes were spawned in test tubes in the underground laboratories of vampires!" Art Babbitt was overworked, overcome and oppressed.

Sometime after the goldfish incident, I was chatting with Les Clark. He told me that Art had dumped the water, salmon and all, out of his window and onto a garden of rare begonias that Roy Disney had planted in a carefully nourished space outside his office and immediately beneath the room Art Babbitt occupied. The begonias wilted under that frigid assault and Roy wanted to have Babbitt sacked. But Walt fought like a tiger for his animators, especially for Art Babbitt who was one of his favorite animators.

Finding himself garrotted by circumstance, Art reluctantly went back to drinking Los Angeles tap water. In a few weeks he was once more good old 'Bones', the happy warrior. Except for his habit of practicing hypnotism on the girls from Ink and Paint, he was a completely well man and that made everybody happy, including Art Babbitt himself.



The pure water man spoke, "May I suggest that you install a refrigerated system, Mr. Babbitt. The water would be too cold for goldfish; the precious things would freeze to death." Art had a refrigerated system installed. Next morning there were seventeen happy young arctic salmon in his drinking water. The incident had become mind-boggling. A great animator had reached the end of his tether.

These drawings were done by Grim Natwick especially for this column about Art Babbitt.

LOW

© David Low

Colonel Blimp, his classic Tory

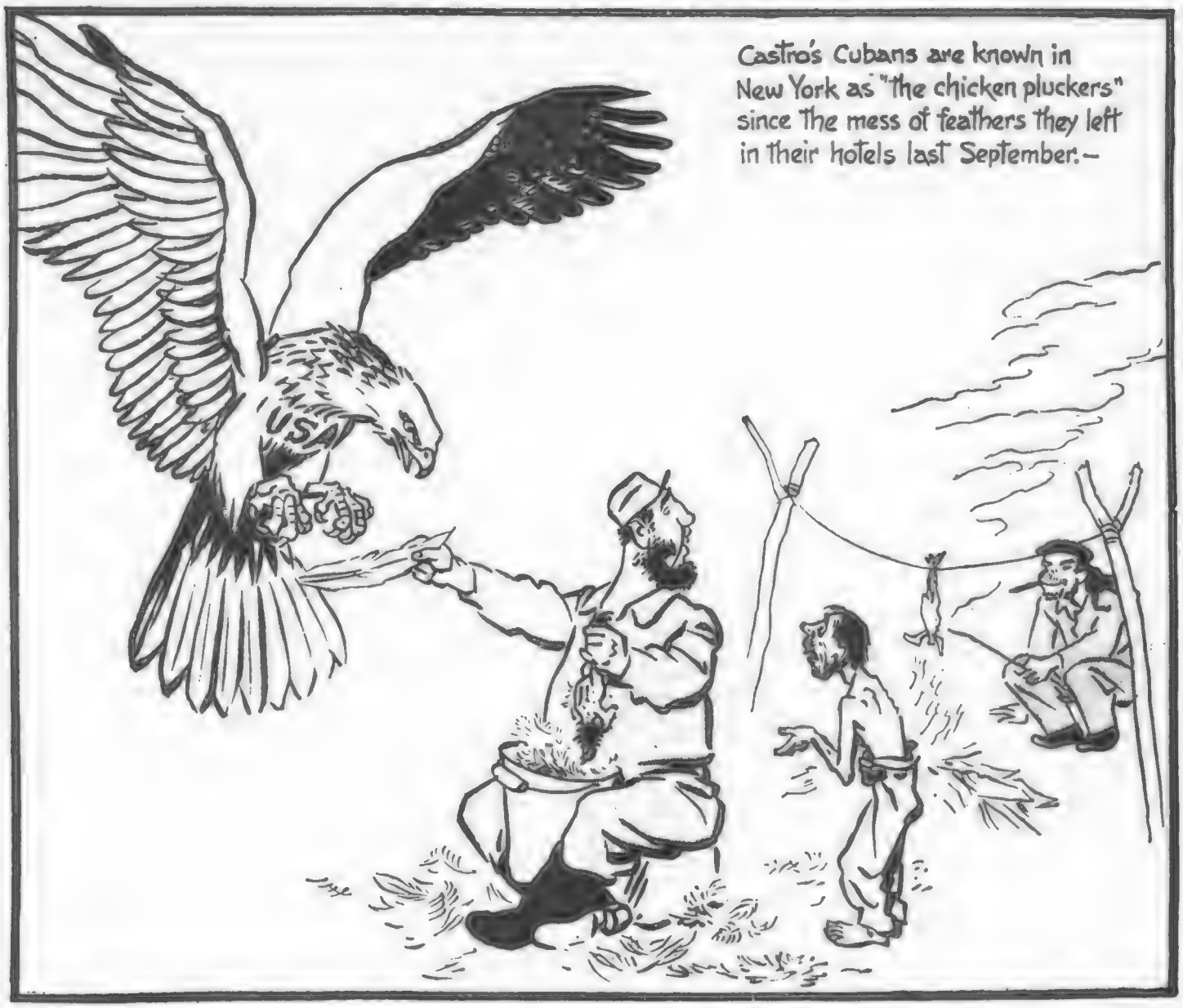
Arise! And Follow Me in the Fight Against Barbarism!

—David Low copyright all countries. Reprinted by arrangement with the London Evening Standard.

Mary:
"Let's go with Low".
Gordon:
That sounds like a political campaign slogan.
Mary:
David Low was a top political cartoonist.
Gordon:
Yes. A top cartoonist from down under.
Mary:
I thought he was a British cartoonist.
Gordon:
He did spend most of his years working in England, but before he accepted a job with the London Evening Star, he was working for the Bulletin in Sydney, Australia.
Low was born in Dunedin, New Zealand in 1891, on a farm bought by his Scottish-Irish father with sweepstakes earnings. David Low showed an early aptitude for drawing. He owed much of success to his father who often took him to the public parks and encouraged him to make sketches of the people that he saw there, rewarding his efforts with prizes. It was in Wellington, that his work attracted the attention of an artist named Rayner, who was in charge of a weekly paper known as The Sketcher. Rayner took the young Low in hand, sending him out to make street sketches and caricatures. When The Sketcher ceased publication, Low went to Christchurch, a city near Dunedin, where he became connected with The Spectator, a weekly publication under the direction of G.W. Russell.

Here's another interesting conversation between noted cartoon collector and historian, GORDON CAMPBELL, and his wife, MARY.

by Gordon Campbell


Castro's Cubans are known in New York as "the chicken pluckers" since the mess of feathers they left in their hotels last September.—
US

Low, World Copyright by arrangement with The Guardian, Manchester

"Chicken plucker."

© David Low

RENDEZVOUS (1939)

© David Low

STEPPING STONES TO GLORY (1936)

Hitler had reoccupied the Rhineland without resistance from the Western democracies

Mary:
Was Low doing cartoons at that age?
Gordon:
Like all budding cartoonists, he started by drawing and copying the characters in the comic strips. He tried to be a comic artist without the knowledge of how to start. Since there were no cartooning courses available in New Zealand, he sent off to the United States for a dollar-a-month correspondence course. He was dissatisfied with the old devices on how to evade real drawing. So he turned to the School of Fine Arts in Christchurch, where he drew plaster casts and shaded blocks. He wanted to be an artist so, abandoning the methods of the comic artist, he began to draw things as they were, by looking at them.
Mary:
Did he further his art training?
Gordon:
Low's art training was as sketchy as his formal education. He had some of his illustrated jokes published by the time he was eleven years old. During this period he became an occasional contributor to the Sydney Bulletin, and by doing so attracted the attention of the Canterbury Times, whose publishers offered him an attractive position.
Low's work was showing such an improvement that the Sydney Bulletin sent for him and commissioned him to make a sketching tour of the United States. On his return he was offered a permanent job with the Bulletin.
Mary:
He certainly gained a lot of recognition early in his career.
Gordon:
To be an accomplished political cartoonist at the age of twenty was rather unique. Low had a lot of dominant qualities, an almost fanatical regard for his own independence and integrity. He fought stupidity wherever he met it. He said "To me there has always seemed more stupidity than wickedness in this world" and this approach made his cartoons, however barbed, good-tempered rather than malicious.
He refused to compromise with the truth, or the truth as Low saw it. As he said in his autobiography: "Fortunately for my happiness, I have grown enough self-confidence to be perfectly sure that those who disagree with me were always wrong".
Mary:
So you think Low had a lot of integrity and courage as a cartoonist?
Gordon:
Even people who did not agree with his cutting commentary had to respect his absolute integrity and courage. Low was an avowed Socialist.
Mary:
He did have that rare gift of being able to reduce complex ideas and events to a simple composition in black and white.
Gordon:
His cartooning did not come easy and he spent countless hours over the drawing board. He disdained the facile, and he refused to fake anything by drawing from memory. He used all the time he could take. All his life he had worked with painstaking methods he had learned as a boy. He could not caricature people without watching them talk and move. If he wanted to draw a cow or a horse he would go out and find one to sketch. This often required several days work, one in removing the appearance of labor. His cartoons were known for bold lines and deft caricature. Exclusion of everything superfluous gave his work a stark, clear-cut appearance. He was always careful to avoid symbolism, using people to set the theme.
Mary:
Did David Low stay in New Zealand and Australia until his talent was fully developed?
Gordon:
The only cartoons saleable were the ones based on local events. The publishers had plenty of material on British and world politics, which they received from American and British newspapers. He concentrated on local events and caricatures. It was excellent training, not only in drawing, but in the development of ideas.
While on the staff of the Sydney Bulletin, he disagreed with the paper's policy regarding immigration, but even so he was required to draw cartoons that reflected the paper's position. One day in an impulsive mood

© *David Low*

he refused to draw the editor's ideas. The editor suggested unemotionally that Low sit down and explain himself. He told the editor exactly how he felt about the paper's policy and why he disagreed with it. He stuck by his convictions, thinking that his goose was cooked, anyway. The editor withdrew the assignment and Low retained his job.

The day came when a cartoon he drew for the Bulletin attracted wide attention. When the drawing was finished he had considered tearing it up and starting over again, but the deadline was too close. The Governor-General of New Zealand was the butt of the cartoon. It brought in a stream of congratulatory telegrams. Prints were pulled for members of the British Cabinet. The original is now in the Federal Parliament Library at Canberra.

Low's derisive cartoons showing Prime Minister Hughes of Australia "telling England how to run the war" between 1914 and 1918 caught the attention of the London publishers. Low soon had an offer to join the Evening Star, which was not one of the leading newspapers. He discovered that the English and Australian approaches to satire were not the same. The British readers at first didn't appreciate his biting satirical cartoons.

Mary:

Couldn't he have won early esteem by catering to the British taste?

Gordon:

David Low was never one to lower his standards. Nothing was more indicative of his stature than his relationship with Lord Beaverbrook, owner of the London Evening Standard, where he worked from 1927 to 1950. When he was asked about his relationship with Lord Beaverbrook, he said: "I wouldn't touch his policies with a barge pole. He thinks I am a Red. I'm fond of him personally".

Beaverbrook had wooed the cartoonist for four years before Low finally went to work for him, getting this clause in his contract: "It is agreed that you are to have complete freedom in the selection and treatment of the subject matter for your cartoons and in the expression therein of the policies in which you believe".

Readers of the Evening Standard were faced with a contradictory position in

Low in the Guardian of Manchester

'One day, no doubt, they may get around to burying us.'

© *David Low*

ALL BEHIND YOU, WINSTON (1940)

which a newspaper exalted the Tory party from page one to the back page, except in the space where Low delighted in poking fun at everything the rest of the paper voiced on the subject.

Low left the Standard in 1950 to join the Daily Herald, a Labor Party paper. It was not a disagreement over politics but because of space. He was never a man to settle for three columns when he could get six.

Mary:

What was the name of the wartime character that Low created?

Gordon:

That was "Colonel Blimp". Low was one of the first cartoonists to perceive the menace in the rise of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. His work was banned in those two countries. At one point, Hitler went so far as to place an official complaint with the British government.

It was through Colonel Blimp that Low became best known both at home and abroad. The Colonel was the mustached, pudgy British military type, who was clad only in a towel that Low used as the symbol of British conservatism and imperialism. He typified everything stodgy and narrow in opinion. During the six years of his existence Colonel Blimp became one of the more famous cartoon characters of our time.

Mary:

Weren't Low's cartoons syndicated in the United States?

Gordon:

Yes, they were widely reprinted in this country and some large newspapers used them regularly as a Sunday feature. David Low didn't work too long for the Herald. He went to the Manchester Guardian, which supports the Liberal Party, in 1953 and remained there until his death in 1963. He had gained his greatest fame while on the staff of the Standard, he undertook assignments for publications abroad and his cartoons were collected in a number of books. He had visited the United States on several occasions, notably in 1948 when he drew a series of cartoons on the nominating conventions.

David Low was the conscience of his age and time, one whose graphic commentary on events is as good a record as any of the two world wars and the years between and after. It was estimated that he had drawn 13,000 cartoons since his first published cartoon appeared when he was eleven years old.

The young cartoonist went on to become famous, to be named by Winston Churchill "the greatest of our modern cartoonists", and a year before his death to be knighted by Queen Elizabeth. ●

If your comic REACHES FIRST BASE...

In the past many aspiring cartoonists were thoroughly discouraged by the fact that they would often get a one-sentence rejection letter from a newspaper syndicate, and would never know whether their strip or panel was totally unacceptable or possibly just a 'near miss'.

But nowadays some syndicates, including the Field Newspaper Syndicate, are doing something about that. For instance, if Field receives a feature from a cartoonist who, they think, has the potential of developing a first-rate comic, but whose current submission can't be syndicated at that time, they will send him, or her, the following letter from Lewis Little, the syndicate's Vice President for Editorial Development. If after reading and studying and thinking about its contents, the cartoonist later submits a new feature that shows development, Lew will work with the cartoonist, often over quite a long period, hoping to make the strip salable to newspapers. It goes without saying that Lew brings long experience with a number of successful features to this important developmental work.

One other note: If you submit a feature to Field, send it to the syndicate at the address shown on these pages, rather than to Lewis Little. Then, if the potential mentioned previously is indicated, you will hear from him with instructions as to how to proceed from there.

FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

1703 KAISER AVENUE, IRVINE, CALIFORNIA 92714 · TELEPHONE (714) 549-8700

LEWIS LITTLE
VICE PRESIDENT
EDITORIAL DEVELOPMENT

Dear Cartoonist:

Thank you for letting me see your proposed comic feature. Having read it, I feel that you definitely have the potential of developing a first-rate comic, although we regrettably are unable to syndicate your feature at this time. I hope you will study the suggestions in this letter and send something to us again.

As you may know, major syndicates receive several hundred comic submissions every month. Of these submissions, only a handful will be selected each year for syndication. The business is so competitive that, generally speaking, syndicate editors must be convinced not only that the new strip or panel they choose is far superior to established comics, but also that a NEED exists for the new feature.

Our analysis of the market indicates that newspapers need new comic features that will help them attract NEW readers, that will help them compete more effectively with television for readers' leisure time. If you can devise a comic feature that will tend to convert television viewers into newspaper readers, then you may have a winner.

Newspapers are especially anxious to appeal to bright school-age readers and young adults -- tomorrow's leaders. Surveys indicate that these readers are avid fans of gag-a-day strips and panels that have had major growth in the last 15 to 20 years, such as B.C., WIZARD OF ID, DENNIS THE MENACE, TUMBLEWEEDS, FUNKY WINKERBEAN, ANDY CAPP, MISS PEACH, MOMMA, CROCK, FRED BASSET, WEE PALS, GOOSEMYER, DUNAGIN'S PEOPLE and JOHN DARLING from our own syndicate, as well as many from other syndicates, including PEANUTS, GARFIELD, DOONESBURY, HAGAR THE HORRIBLE, BEETLE BAILEY, FAMILY CIRCUS, DRABBLE, ZIGGY and HERMAN.

We encourage you to study these features and others to see what makes them successful. Then, rather than attempt an imitation of ANY established strip or panel, try to develop your own little fantasy world of continuing characters. Ideally, your characters would be unlike any others on the comic page. They would be instantly identifiable. They would have human qualities and would be so loveable that loyal readers would demand their return should a newspaper dare drop them for another feature. While their strongest appeal might be to a reader segment not now being reached by other features, they also would have general appeal.

The first thing we look for in the evaluation of a proposed comic feature is writing ability because a poorly-written feature simply will not make it, no matter how great the art might be. Your study of the successful features mentioned above should indicate that a common denominator is the ability of the cartoonists to come up with consistently outstanding gags, year after year. And, equally important, the gags are in keeping with very well-defined characters.

In choosing your characters, a general rule is: the fewer the better, especially in the early stages. Talking animals and other creatures that speak are tough to sell because of the credibility factor (for some reason, the fact that SNOOPY, FRED BASSET and GARFIELD express themselves in thought balloons rather than spoken words enhances their believability). We feel that editors' bias against talking creatures may be unwarranted, but the bias is so strong that it can be overcome only by a superbly-written and beautifully-drawn strip or panel (remember POGO and KRAZY KAT?).

If you submit a new feature to us, please include a brief letter outlining what you see as its need, its strongest appeal and any other factors that you feel might help us sell it.

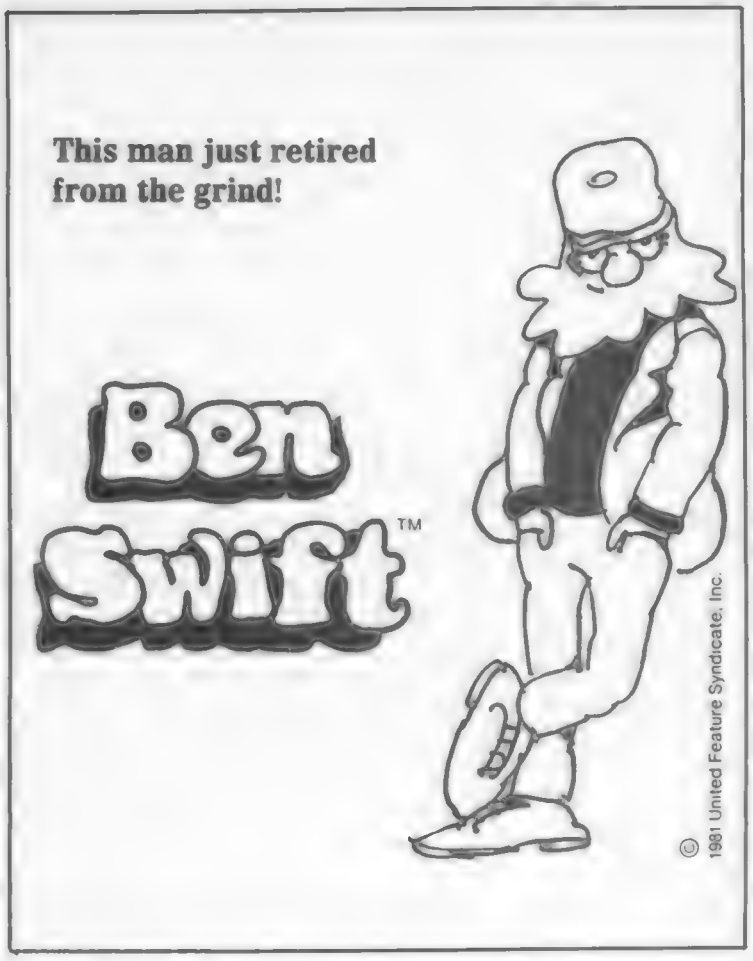
This is a form letter, obviously, but I assure you that it is going only to a relatively small number of cartoonists and writers -- and I also assure you that I personally have read every sample in your enclosed submission.

Because I also read dozens of other comic art submissions every week, I don't have time to send personal replies, but I hope to do this in the future to the promising cartoonists and writers who send me other ideas as a result of this letter. If you do more work on your present feature as a result of this letter and would like to re-submit it to me in a few weeks, I will be more than happy to evaluate it and perhaps discuss it with you by phone. This is part of a new service of Field Newspaper Syndicate to encourage talented writers and artists such as you.

We are actively in the market for new comic features, but the demand for top quality has never been higher. I wish I could be specific and tell you exactly what type of strip or panel to draw. Unfortunately, I am an editor, not a cartoonist, and lack that certain gift that seems necessary to create and sustain a truly successful comic. During my 18 years in the syndicate business, I have had the pleasure of working with many cartoonists on the development of comic features, the most successful being TUMBLEWEEDS, GARFIELD, WEE PALS, DRABBLE and BRINY DEEP. Through the years, I have developed a keen appreciation of the amazing writing and drawing talents of the men and women who produce the comics; I think I detect that same glimmer of talent in your work, and I truly hope to hear from you again.

Sincerely,

Lewis A. Little



JOHN LANE

JOHN LANE was the longtime Art Director of United Media Enterprises (which includes the United Feature Syndicate and the Newspaper Enterprise Association) until he left that important post recently to create the new comic strip BEN SWIFT. As Art Director, he was one of the key people at the syndicate who saw the thousands of cartoon submissions which come in each year. As a result he is able to look at comic strips both from the point of view of a syndicate, and that of the cartoonist himself. At his home in Stamford, Connecticut we talked with him about these attitudes and about his new feature.

Hurd: When you began 'Ben Swift', you were doing your balloon lettering with a very distinct double-line effect. Would you say something about why you decided to do it that way, and about the reasons you're back to the regular style of lettering these days?

Lane: I really don't know how the double-line style evolved — I used to do it for the editorial pieces I drew during the time when I was Art Director of United Media Enterprises, and I also used it for display art. It wasn't a case of my bearing down heavily on a pen to get the split line — I actually inked both of the lines individually. But it was fairly quick for me — I enjoyed doing it — and it looks well when it's a certain size. But the newspapers were having trouble reproducing it — which is why we changed to the normal lettering style. A couple of editors said it was so unique that it got in the way of the message, that you were so aware of it that it commanded too much attention.

I think this experience prompts me to offer a bit of advice to anyone who's thinking of submitting a strip: The most important thing in a strip, or in any piece of communication, is the *message*. The art style shouldn't be too outrageous to get in the way of that, and you can be unique without being overpowering. I feel, now that I see the new lettering, the double effect was too prominent, but no one stopped me because they thought it was different and were willing to give it a try.

Hurd: I think our readers would be very much interested in hearing why you chose to leave a pretty safe job for the relative insecurity of doing a comic strip.

Lane: Well, first of all, I know how hard it is to get a strip syndicated. The competition is fierce, as you know, and our syndicate alone gets over 1000 submissions each year. I had a very secure job, I could probably have gone on the rest of my life in it, and I guess a lot of my friends wondered what came over me when I decided to do a strip. It wasn't a case of my not getting a chance to do a lot of drawing before — because I was a 'hands-on' art director who did illustrations, posters, editorial cartoons, and so on.

United Media had felt that there was a void in the market, that there was nothing positive in print or in any other medium, about *being older*.

What's it like bein' retired, Grampa?
It's like when you eat chocolate cake and save the icing 'til last, Petey.
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
2-16
Yeah, but there never seems to be enough icing.
Now you've got it.
Lane

Here come the movers with our new neighbor's furniture.
I sure don't envy them the moving hassle. We were in turmoil for months.
3-17
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Society is based on the young. The syndicate had tried to get some strips which would bring out the positive, but in the things which were submitted, the older person was always the butt of the joke. And 'Ben Swift', I guess as much as anything, is a cry out against a society that says you've got to be young to have it together.

Everyone is growing older, everyone has crises. But I feel better now than I've ever felt, and the older I get, the better I feel — not necessarily physically but mentally. There are fewer surprises for me — the things that happen to me I've experienced before, and I'm more comfortable with myself. I'm therefore trying to convey this in the strip. Ben is a retired newspaper editor, he's still bright and vital, and if anybody gets 'zinged' in this strip, it's the younger person! This is due to the fact that he knows more, he's cleverer, he's been around longer. I had seen some of the previous attempts at strips which were submitted and I felt that the people who did them didn't understand. I thought, "I can do *that* well." The strips I showed the syndicate just sort of popped out — they weren't belabored — I didn't labor over characters or names — I just did them, and then asked the syndicate to take a look and to see what they thought of them. Fortunately they liked them and offered me a contract. And I felt that if I didn't accept, I would always wonder thereafter if I should have!

Hurd: Before you finish a strip, you send roughs to Bobby Miller, the Managing Editor for Comics at United Media, don't you?

Lane: Yes, I do. At this point I don't feel perfectly secure in my own wording of some strips and I often talk over various points with her. Just before you arrived today, I was talking on the phone with her, and she was reading a strip on which I had already done a finish. Bobby felt it was quite wordy. I had fooled around and didn't quite know what to do with it but she had found the perfect solution which made the thought come across quicker. Which is exactly what *her* job is, and I appreciated the result even though it meant re-lettering the strip. I think when you first start putting a strip together, you may resent criticism — you think the syndicate is out to get you. But, in general, a comics editor, a managing editor, or whatever, will be tickled-to-death to be able to tell you something that will help your work. They think that they're a part of it, and it often takes a cartoonist a while before he or she has the confidence to realize that these editors aren't out to 'get' you, but rather, to *help* you. But it really hurts when someone comes down on a pet idea of yours.

Since I was on the other side of the comic strip fence before I started 'Ben Swift', I can see both sides. Syndicates think of the various strips as 'products' while cartoonists think of them as 'creations'. They will want to change things in a strip to make it a better product so it sells better. At that point I have to be able to make the judgment as to whether a change will destroy something that I had in mind, or whether it's just a lateral change, like the lettering — which I was glad to go along with. If I feel strongly about some suggested change, I have a perfect right to say, "Look, we'll just go with it as is, and if it dies, it'll die!"

Several newspaper editors who had seen proofs of the strip thought Ben looked too old, that his beard was too big, and so forth. To which I replied, "Well, look, that's his character — he *is* a *character* — he always wears a hat for instance, and if I change him, he's going to be a completely different person." I can imagine how these same editors must have complained about Andy Gump with no chin!

Hurd: What's the hardest thing for you, as far as writing the strip is concerned?

Lane: Coming up with a situation, as opposed to the gag itself. What I've done, to start things rolling, is to go through the calendar looking for an event, or an activity, which would be current at the time of the Sunday page I'm doing. (As most of your readers know, cartoonists do their Sunday pages much in advance of their dailies). If it's in the summer, or Memorial Day or something else is nearby, that will be enough to start me thinking about whether my subject should be fishing, softball, flying a kite or whatever, and then I go from there. After that it's easier to proceed with the dailies because I know that a daily has to fall between a fishing Sunday page and another topical Sunday page which I've already done, and this gives me a situation. So far this method has helped me a lot.

Hurd: Who are the characters that you've introduced in the strip so far?

Lane: Besides Ben, there's his wife, Bess, and the little grandson, Petey. Their daughter and son-in-law are Jill and Sam Smythe. Sam's a banker, she went to a good college — in fact when I first started, I didn't realize one has to think out all these details very carefully. I spent a whole weekend just designing their house, because I figured that I'd have to draw it the same all the time. And in case someone would ask, "Where did Ben go to school?", I didn't want to be surprised so I wanted to think that one out ahead of time. You have to know everything about your characters — what size shoes do they wear, what kind of clothes they like — and I put as much of myself and of my experience into these people as I can because that's what makes a strip warm. Otherwise it will seem manufactured.

Hurd: What thoughts went through your mind when you were designing the Swift house?

Lane: I had to think of Ben and of how he would be. I've decided that Ben represents my fantasy of how I'd like to be when I'm his age, and of the type of house I'd like. Ben and Bess bought this land, right down on the Sound, from an old farmer some years ago, and built their little house in Sycamore Cove. Then developers built very expensive homes up on the hill. Living next door to Ben and Bess are Dwight Wright and his wife — and they're social climbers. Their sole desire is to

BESS, LOOK AT THIS.
THE PRICE OF THIS BOOK HAS GONE UP THREE DOLLARS SINCE WE BOUGHT A COPY LAST MONTH.
BOOKS
WHAT BOOK IS IT?
4-23
HOW TO MAKE IT ON A FIXED INCOME
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

HI, KARL.
HEY, MAN... YOU DON'T COME IN ANYMORE.
KOUSIH KARL'S HEALTH FOOD
I'M RETIRED NOW, KARL, I CAN'T AFFORD HEALTH FOOD.
THERE'S NOTHIN' MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOOD HEALTH, MAN. DON'T SKIMP ON FOOD.
4-24
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
SOME OLD PEOPLE ARE SO POOR, THEY HAVE TO EAT PET FOOD FOR PROTEIN.
HEY, MAN! I GOT A SPECIAL ON ORGANIC "MIGHTY PUP."

move up on the hill some day, and the only reason they tolerate Ben and Bess is because of Ben's son-in-law, the banker, who is 'old family' in the area.

To get back to the designing of Ben's house, it included the things I'd include in my own house at that time of life — maybe some things he's built, some non-expensive antiques but ones in that era ('Early Halloween I think it's called). Ben plays a cornet, he likes music and so forth. I had to decide what kind of a car he drives, how old it is, what it looks like. It's a kind of a mix between an old Volkswagen and a new Fiesta-type car.

Hurd: What are some of the other details about your characters?

Lane: Bess has been working in Public Relations but I've been doing some strips just today in which she's going to change jobs and be doing the PR for the little Sycamore Cove Shopping Center. This center includes the shops of various people with whom Ben gets into conversation. He has comments to make to the Health Food shopkeeper, the quick snack guy whom Ben teases about his awful cooking, the gas station proprietor, etc.

Although there's a sort of continuity involved in ideas, surveys have shown that many readers can't recall what's gone on before in a strip, so all of the strips have to be complete within themselves. So the problem is really challenging.

Hurd: Having seen so many strip submissions during your years as Art Director at United Media Enterprises, can you say something about mistakes that have been made in those submissions?

Lane: I think the biggest mistake a cartoonist can make is 'not being yourself.' Many people will copy a style or be heavily influenced by the style of someone whose work they admire. This, obviously, is wrong. They don't realize that if they will just draw in their own way, a style will evolve, even though it may take a little longer. Most people are impatient, as far as style goes — it's like the situation when they move into a new house. The first thing some people want to do is have it decorated. Yet if they would go into a house where the furniture has been gathered bit by bit through the years, they would find a warmth and a sense of belonging that they wouldn't get in a decorated house. In other words, don't try too hard too quickly to come up with a style.

The thing that most newspaper editors who are being asked by a syndicate to buy a strip will look for is that the strip be literate and well-conceived.

Hurd: Ben Swift is a retired newspaper editor. What are some of the things he's going to be doing in that retirement?

Lane: For one thing, he's taken a newspaper route and he delivers the paper he used to edit! In one strip he says, "Well, look, I walk three miles a day anyway — I might as well do it and get paid for it!" He's talking about writing a novel, he likes to build furniture, he loves to fish, and all of these activities are interests of mine.

Hurd: I know you have an outboard fishing skiff here in Stamford, Connecticut, and I remember that when you lived in Manhattan, you told me you were building parts of a sailboat in the apartment.

Lane: Yes — I made spreaders for the mast, blocks and pulleys that I could do without vises, patterns, and had some parts cast out of bronze, and so on. Hopefully, some day I'll get these parts all together in that sailing vessel.

Hurd: Before I forget it — would you repeat something you've told me on other occasions for the benefit of people who may want to submit a strip to a syndicate.

Lane: Being yourself can't be stressed too much. Do a strip, even if you're only 18, based on your own experiences and your own feelings. You'd have to be a consummate professional to be able

Have you met our new neighbors yet?
Yes. Sally and Dwight Wright.
3-18
How did they impress you?
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
They're the first people I've met who wear Gucci yard shoes.

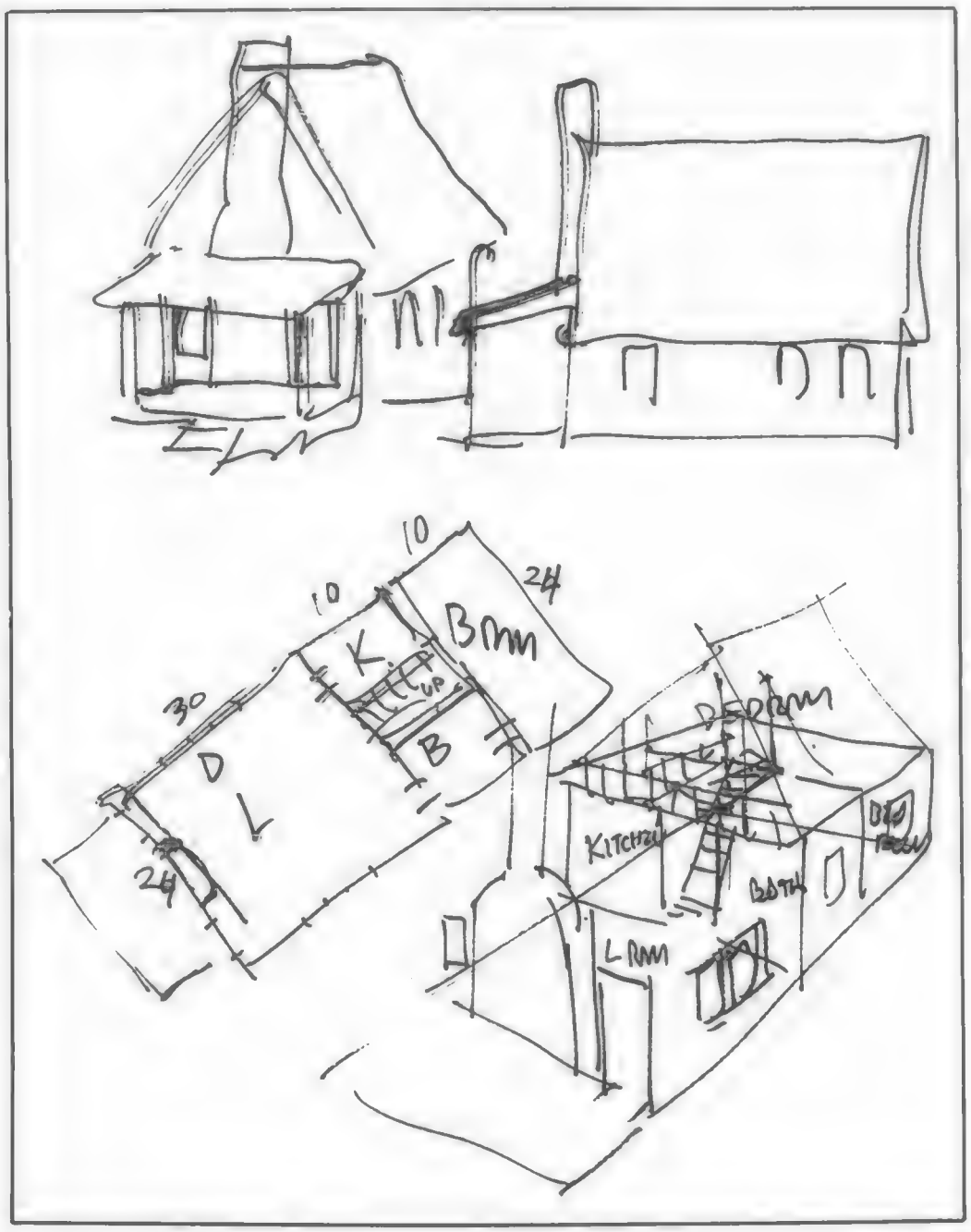
HERMAN, YOU KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU GO GROUCHY? YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN.
KEEP YOUR EYES TO THE SKY. DRINK IN THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE'S BOUNTY.
AH-HAH! I FOUND A TEN-SPOT!
© 1981 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
COME ON, SWIFT. YOU'RE SLOWIN' ME DOWN.
4-20

to manufacture something and make it believable. Even if a young person does a strip about some kid trying to become a comic artist, at least the cartoonist knows about that experience, and there could be something very funny about the strip. But a young person starting a strip on UFOs, or married life, wouldn't get a product that would ring true.

Hurd: When 'Ben Swift' was first started, all the promotion described it as a retirement strip, but that slant has been changed since then, hasn't it?

Lane: Yes, after the retirement promotion was out, someone said, "How embarrassing that is — you don't have to attract senior citizens to the newspaper — they *devour* the newspaper!" But the strip isn't just about a retired person. Of course Ben is the central figure, and the whole point is how he works in a younger society. So it's a *family* strip.

Lane's sketch of the Ben Swift house.



Hurd: You've said that the first week of a new strip is so important. Will you elaborate a little on that idea?

Lane: During that one week you have to introduce your main characters and give an idea of what they're like, without being heavy-handed about it.

Hurd: Even after the syndicate had given you the go-ahead on 'Ben Swift', you found out that you needed to do some extra thinking about the characters, didn't you?

Lane: Right. I had shown them three weeks of roughs, these were discussed in a meeting of syndicate executives, everyone liked the feeling of the character, offered me a contract and said, "Go!" So I did six weeks of finishes, turned them in, and immediately I could feel a coldness in their reaction. I could sense their disappointment. Then people started trying to figure out what the trouble was. Finally one editor told me, "Your characters aren't defined well enough. After reading the first strip I know what Ben is like and Petey but then I come to the relationships. But what relation is Petey to Ben, for instance? Is he a neighbor or what. You have to define that relationship and tell readers. If you don't, they're going to question, and if they question, they're not going to take the time to read!" This was my problem. I took all the strips back and made Pete a grandson, instead of just an undefined neighbor kid. And I went from there to rethink other details: I know now what size shoe Ben wears, I know what age Petey is, I know how good a student he is, and I've made myself think of all these things. My failure to do this when I first started those six weeks of finishes was the reason why I had gotten the lukewarm reaction I mentioned previously.

Hurd: Thanks, John, for sharing all these thoughts about comic strips with our readers.

RICHARD SHERRY

The Electric Cartoonist

There's good news for all of us cartoonists! A major new newspaper syndicate is being formed by RICHARD SHERRY, until recently the President of the Field Newspaper Syndicate. And, at our request, Dick has written the following exciting predictions about the future of the cartoonist in the electronic media, based on his years of experience in our field. We think you'll find that it opens up a lot of extremely interesting and profitable possibilities for the cartoonist! The new syndicate will be in New York City and we will give our readers the exact location as soon as it is available. You will find a few more details in Dick's article, and it goes without saying that he will welcome cartoonists' submissions. We wish him all the best!

In case the new syndicate address is not available by our press time, it will undoubtedly be listed in the annual Editor & Publisher Syndicate Directory published each July. E & P's address is 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY. 10022. The phone is: (212) 752-7050.

When Jud Hurd asked me to put down my thoughts about the future of comic strips in newspapers, he caught me at a moment when the subject was uppermost in my mind.

Not only do I think the newspaper and the newspaper comic strip have a great future, I'm staking my own on that belief.

I know a lot of us have been rattled by the fact that some of the bigger newspaper chains and other publishing companies like the Wall Street Journal are getting into the electronic transmission of newspapers to the home. But this commentary does not concern itself with the future of paper. What we're looking at is the viability of the newspaper as a continuing medium for public information, and the comic strip as a part of that newspaper.

We are all keenly aware that we live in a watershed era, that today's anything may in no way resemble tomorrow's. The battle rages among the video disk makers, for example, while the tape and tape machine manufacturers follow their own vision of what the future will be.

Cable has suddenly presented a growing segment of the public with a vast array of TV channels from which to choose, instead of the four or five of the recent past.

Newspapers branching out into electronic delivery, manufacturers experimenting with a wide range of home entertainment systems, a proliferation of channels . . .

What does all this imply? A burgeoning need for product.

Should the printing-press-produced newspaper disappear, and mind you I personally believe that will not happen in our time, the cartoonist as a creative talent is still sitting in the midst of a smorgasbord of outlets for his imagination.

For some years now, newspapers have been struggling with space problems. And the comic strips and panel cartoons have been confined to their own shrinking ghetto on the comics page. The space for daily comics has been reduced. On Sundays, it's been even more harrowing as color comics sections have diminished from 16 to 12 to eight pages.

What happens when the newspaper is delivered electronically for pick up on the TV screen?

One system is designed so that the reader/viewer calls up on his TV screen, with the push of a button, a schedule of stories and features available for his viewing, with different codes for each. He then presses the code for the feature he wants to see and it appears on his screen. Some systems will even have printouts, in case the subscriber wants to study the feature at his leisure. In theory, then, these TV systems could contain an unlimited number of comic strips and cartoon panels, depending on the capacity of the system, not, as today, on the cost of newsprint.

It's intriguing—and certainly a compelling argument for the future of the newspaper in one form or another—that such systems could contain a nearly-in-

finite number of new stories and features each day, so much that it would take more than a single day to view it all. The idea may appear absurd when seen in such magnitude, but it does demonstrate the flexibility the newspaper will have to reach many more and varied audiences than it can today. This will add to the possibilities for exposure already expanding through the proliferation of new TV channels created by cable television.

That means the cartoonist will be able to reach not only what we now perceive as the newspaper audience, but also specialized audiences as cable channels and the newspapers focus on them.

Cost will be a prime consideration, but some things seem inevitable. Isaac Asimov, the world's most prolific writer of science, science fiction and almost everything else, points out that once we adjust our lives to technical advances there is no turning back. In spite of high prices and gas shortages, we aren't about to dump the convenience of the automobile and go back to the horse and buggy.

It seems logical that we will not be content for long with black and white cartoons appearing on the TV tube and just laying there for the viewer/reader to read the balloons. Eventually they will have to be in color, to move, to speak and we will have a rebirth of animation which will (no pun intended) dwarf the Disney experience.

Imagine building a library of your drawings in a computer, complete with simple inbetween animation for a wide variety of movements. Wouldn't it then be a simple matter to turn out your daily strip as an animated cartoon? Of course, the more detailed the art, the more difficult such a project would be. But at least for the big foot styles, it could be done with existing technology. The problem would be to find a way to do it inexpensively. But that's the history of this computer business. Many advances have started out to be horrendously expensive, only at a later time to come down in price.

Now, if you can do that for a daily cartoon, you can extend it for longer segments of time, for shorts, even for full length features, if you've got a story line that will hold up. See what I mean by the possibilities paling even the golden era of animation?

It is not written that any or all of this is going to take place.

Perhaps even the electronically transmitted newspaper may not fulfill the promise of its early stages and fizzle out while we all go back to newstands and home delivery, two very imperfect means of distribution I think the newspaper industry itself will admit. Yes, it's possible, but unlikely.

The present danger for the cartoonist is that in spite of his considerable creative assets he might be left behind through his own failure to keep up with the new techniques.

The entrepreneurial nature of our society is such that the time available, and that time is expanding at an enormous rate, will be filled by the easiest most accessible entertainment available. If a live show is easy and cheap to put on, you'll see live shows until audiences demand something better, or until something cheaper to produce comes along. It is important that the cartoonist become involved now with this expanding technology so that when the amateurish experimentation inevitable with the start of a new medium has palled, the era of animation will be ready to begin.

As the channels proliferate with cable, the networks are being faced with the need to hold their audiences and keep their hold on them while they attract each new generation. The Saturday morning cartoon has served them well. As usual, the cartoonist has been the work horse, to which the networks have ceded some prime time. But they usually reserve the same kind of ghetto the newspapers reserve for comics and cartoons, for somewhat the same reason, the limits of time, as with newspapers it is the limits of space.

These companies are businesses after all, and if the customer (viewer) is satisfied with viewing animation in the limited span allotted the medium, then they can reserve for prime time the *imitation* cartoons (live action situation comedies) which are cheaper to produce.

But now along comes cable. Cable needs product, attractive product, and it has already seen the tremendous viewer appeal of animation. It will absorb all it can afford, and now the networks may have to pay a little more attention.

Having more money to spend, the networks will undoubtedly be more and more interested in the Peanuts-type high-viewer-draw cartoon properties, especially those they can control. Because exclusivity will become an important edge for them to have over their cable competitors and the other networks.

Therefore, the networks will want to develop proprietary cartoon properties. But, of course, they will be very choosy about the properties they pick. Conceivably, a "farm system" will develop. Good cartoon properties aren't born; they evolve. So, we will see a cartoon start in the newspaper, perhaps, then move to cable, and eventually get picked up by a network, which may have placed it in newspaper syndication in the first place.

In any case, the networks will be encouraged to develop newspaper formats for their own cartoon properties to win them an even larger following. Network usage will be in the longer, story-type format which would be noncompetitive with gag-a-day newspaper presentation.

Will the newspapers be satisfied with their comic strip line up? Will they still restrict the space for cartoons and strips? They may. But, again, the odds are that they will want to take advantage of the promotability of a product appearing in the more highly visible entertainment media.

Perhaps the newspapers will print only their current quota in their newsprint editions and buy the rights for additional strips for electronic delivery only.

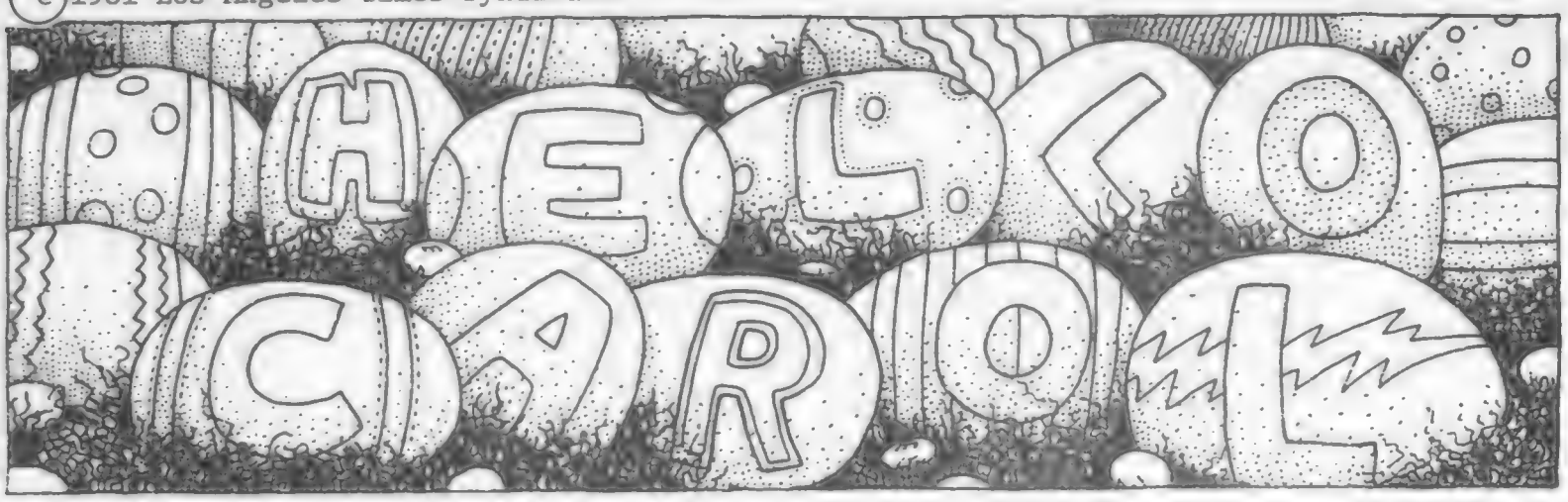
The whole field of education is becoming more and more dependent on electronic and video equipment. It is common knowledge that kids relate most easily to cartoon characters, so I expect cartoons to play an increasingly important role in the teaching process. Meanwhile, all of the above will encourage other uses; books, merchandise, video records and tapes for playing at home.

I don't think there is a single group of individuals more creative than cartoonists. Television, the newspapers, the educators . . . they're all going to need that creativity more than ever before.

The problem the cartoonist will have is keeping up with the opportunities, becoming as knowledgable as he possibly can as the trends twist and turn into a very rewarding and fascinating future.

As for me, I'm looking forward to being in the thick of it. I said earlier I am staking my future on the future of the comic strip, the cartoon and the newspaper. Last month I started my own syndicate, Syndicated Newspaper Services, Inc., exclusive representatives of Reader's Digest newspaper features. Cartoonists welcome. ●

(c)1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate



Although BOB JOHNSON has only been writing and drawing the 'HELLO CAROL' strip for The Los Angeles Times Syndicate for the past year, his strip has appeared in the San Rafael, California, Independent-Journal since November 1977, and he did literally thousands of illustrations for 20 or 25 books during the previous six years! Bob says that the long hours and the determination it took to 'make it' as an illustrator were good preparation for the awesome grind of pumping out a daily and Sunday comic strip! 'HELLO CAROL' is about single people — Carol and her next door neighbor Jeff, for instance — but it's also about the transition period that all of us are going through socially, and everybody in his strip is confused, according to Bob. Alex and Pearl, an older couple who live across the hall, were introduced in the strip to bring out more traditional views of life. His characters are always trying to get things clear in their minds, and most of what Bob writes about is their attempts to define things — What is love? What is infatuation?, Etc.

Unlike the primitive style of much of today's comic strip art, Johnson's work is sophisticated, featuring detailed drawings and intense closeups which establish an intimacy between character and reader. Bob has always thought that the synonym for 'artist' is 'observer'. He doesn't carry a sketchbook around with him but he finds himself staring at people at parties, or on elevators, or on the street — looking at the way a lip curls, noticing how a head is held, and so on. He remembers these things and they find their way into his strips later on.

One funny aspect of this is that when Bob suddenly gets the germ of an idea when he's away from the drawing board, he writes *notes on the back of his left hand.* As we are talking recently, he told your editor, "It says 'Advice' on the back of my hand at the moment, so I know I want to write about 'Giving Advice' in a future strip."

In the past he tried carrying notepads to record sudden idea flashes but they only lasted a couple of days, so he took up 'handwriting'.

The grist for his idea mill comes from many sources — he has radio talk shows on while he's drawing — and profits from the fact that they're very topical, with guests involved in various social movements. He subscribes to 13 different magazines and buys another 10. He mentions that 'Psychology Today' has great human interest stories which help him with strip ideas.

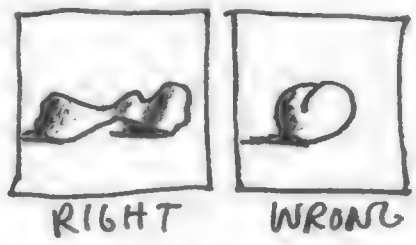
At our request Bob has written a fascinating list of graphic art and cartooning tips, which we're sure our readers will enjoy. They're included here.

Bob Johnson

CAROL, WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT BEING SINGLE ?
I'D SAY DEALING WITH REJECTION
2·26
MEN REJECT YOU ?
NOT THAT OFTEN... BUT WHEN A MAN DOESN'T REJECT ME, MY GIRLFRIENDS DO

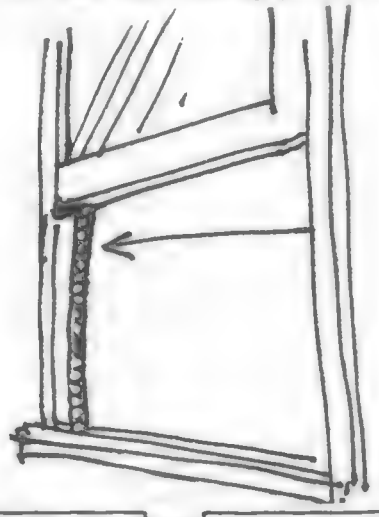
GRAPHIC ART TIPS

* Keep your kneaded eraser irregularly shaped so it won't roll off the table.



* Wash your rulers (you should have at least seven) . . . at least once every 2 months.
  1. For measuring art
  2. For measuring lettering
  3. For drawing ink lines
  4. For drawing pencil lines
  5. For cutting
  6. For scratching your back
  7. For holding the window open

Use one that's been cut up pretty bad.

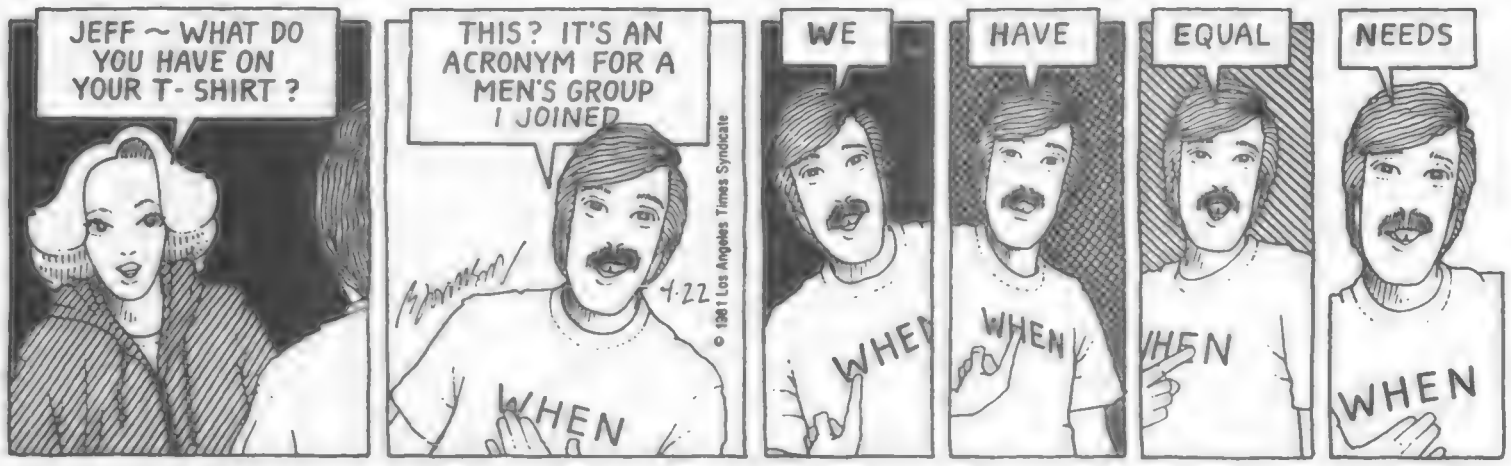


HELLO CAROL by B. Johnson

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I'VE PAID ALL MY BILLS...
AND I'M NOT IN THE RED!
THIS CALLS FOR A TOAST—
BEING IN THE BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL
3-29
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate

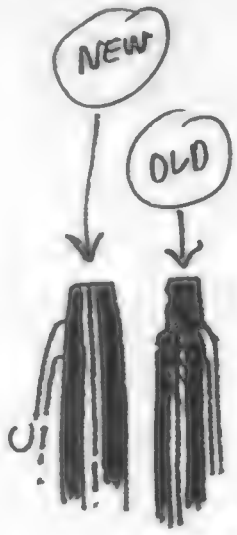
I STILL CAN'T GET USED TO AN ELECTRIC STOVE...
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate
IT TAKES TOO LONG TO WARM UP
WE PRINT ANYTHING
TOO LONG TO COOL DOWN
AND WAY TOO LONG TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE
4·17

EVERY YEAR IT TAKES ME ABOUT 3 DAYS TO DO MY TAXES
4·13
IT TAKES ONLY ONE NIGHT TO FILL OUT THE FORMS
BUT IT TAKES 3 DAYS TO FIND MY W·2
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate


JEFF ~ WHAT DO YOU HAVE ON YOUR T- SHIRT ?
THIS ? IT'S AN ACRONYM FOR A MEN'S GROUP I JOINED
4·22
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate
WHEN
WE
HAVE
EQUAL
NEEDS

MARLENE SET ME UP WITH THIS YOUNG LAWYER, JERRY
WHO TOOK ME TO DINNER
COULD I HAVE A RECEIPT PLEASE ?
AND AFTER— TO A PLAY
RECEIPT PLEASE ?
THEN TO A PLUSH HOTEL BAR
AS HE COLLECTED A RECEIPT FOR TWO COGNACS, HE TOASTED...
TO A VERY BEAUTIFUL TAX WRITE- OFF
THAT'S WHEN I WROTE HIM OFF
3·30
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate

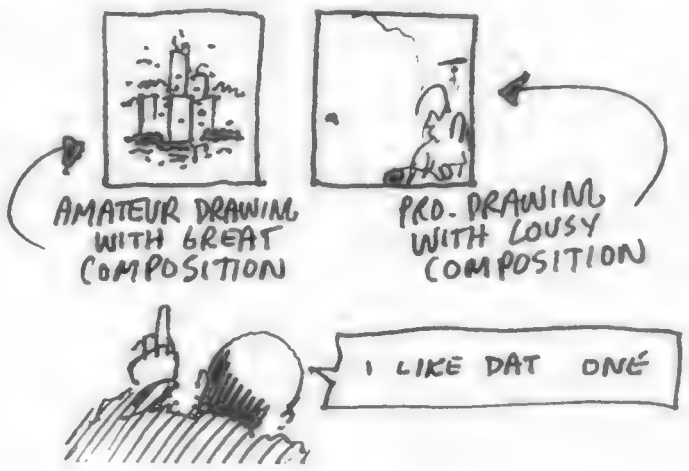
* CHEW YOUR PENS! So you know which ones are new and fresh and which are old and running out of ink.



* NEVER put liquids near ANY art. (Build a special beer-can shelf if you have to).
* Don't draw more than EIGHTEEN hours in one day . . . The eyes get blurry and your fingers start to hurt.
* Work in a comfortable chair (If you don't have one and can't afford one, always remind yourself that the first time you make a profit you're going to go out and buy the BEST one made).

DRAWING TIPS

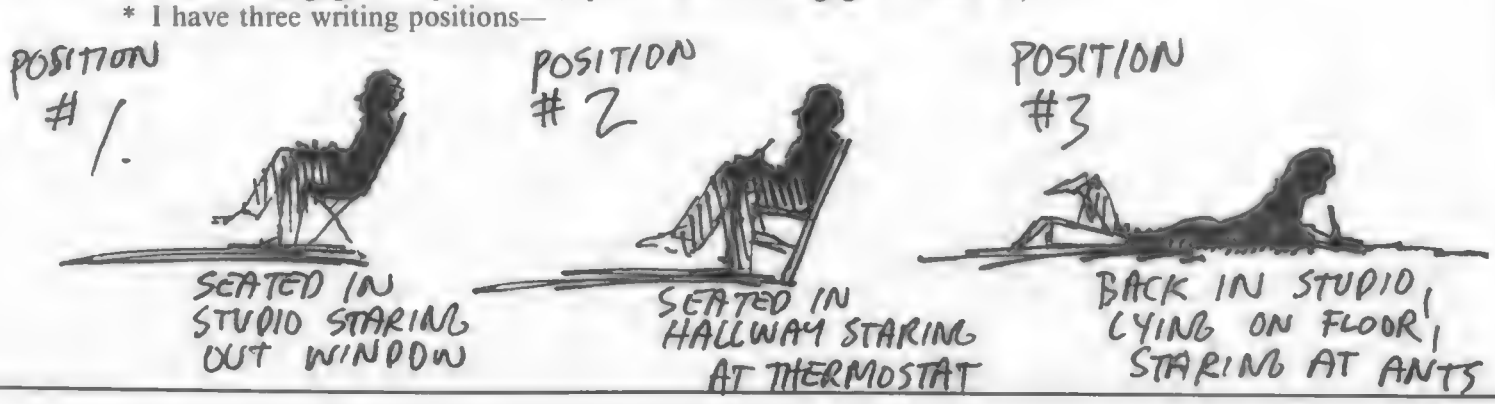
* Draw everywhere! And as much as you can! (You never actually LEARN to draw because you're always LEARNING to draw).
* Composition is essential (I think it's more important than the drawing).



* Do CLEAN work . . . It's especially important when you're starting to sell your work .
* Drawing is not eye-to-hand coordination—it's eye-to-BRAIN-to-hand coordination!!! THINK when you draw!

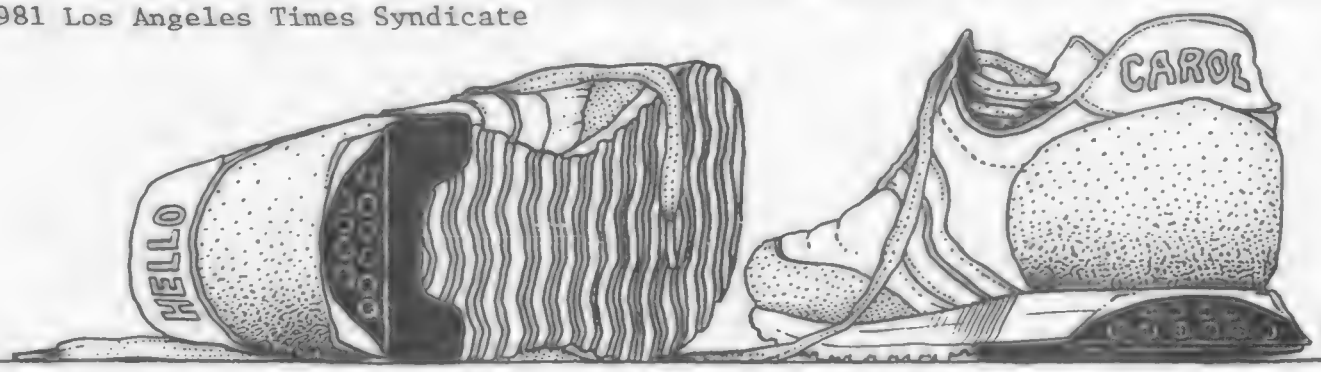
CARTOONING TIPS

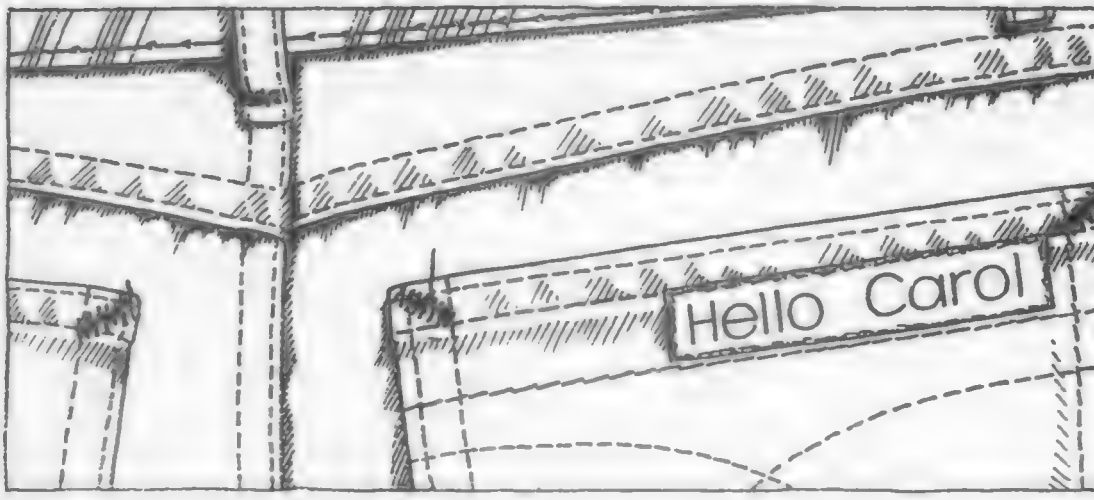
* READ EVERYTHING! Read what you hate! Reading strengthens the brain 'muscle', which is TO THE CARTOONIST what the Gastroc Nemius is TO THE RUNNER!
* After you've READ EVERYTHING . . . re-read it!
* Write more gags than you need (I prefer to write 40 gags if I need 12).
* I have three writing positions—


POSITION #1.
SEATED IN STUDIO STARING OUT WINDOW
POSITION #2
SEATED IN HALLWAY STARING AT THERMOSTAT
POSITION #3
BACK IN STUDIO, LYING ON FLOOR, STARING AT ANTS

We were fascinated by the detailed 'logos' which Bob draws in such detail for the Sunday 'HELLO CAROL' pages.

c 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate





c 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate

I Paid a lot of Money for these Jeans

AS IT ARRIVES AT THE DESIGNER BOUTIQUES

SOON IT'S IN THE DOWN-TOWN DEPARTMENT STORES

TWEEN THE
AIN BASEMENT

AND THE BACK YARD SALE

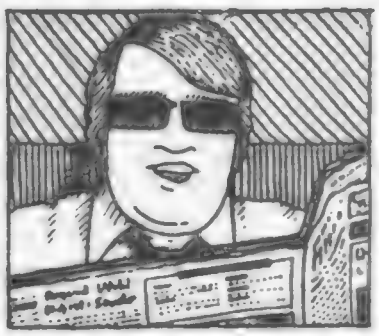
HELLO CAROL!
HEY-HEY BUZZY! YOU OLD HIPPY...
LET ME TAKE YOUR BACK PACK
GEEZ, BUZZY, Y'KNOW IT'S BEEN 6 YEARS!
YEAH – I REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, I HELPED YOU PICK UP AN OLD COUCH AT SALVATION ARMY
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate
3-24
I SEE YOU'VE MADE THE JUMP TO SEARS FREE DELIVERY

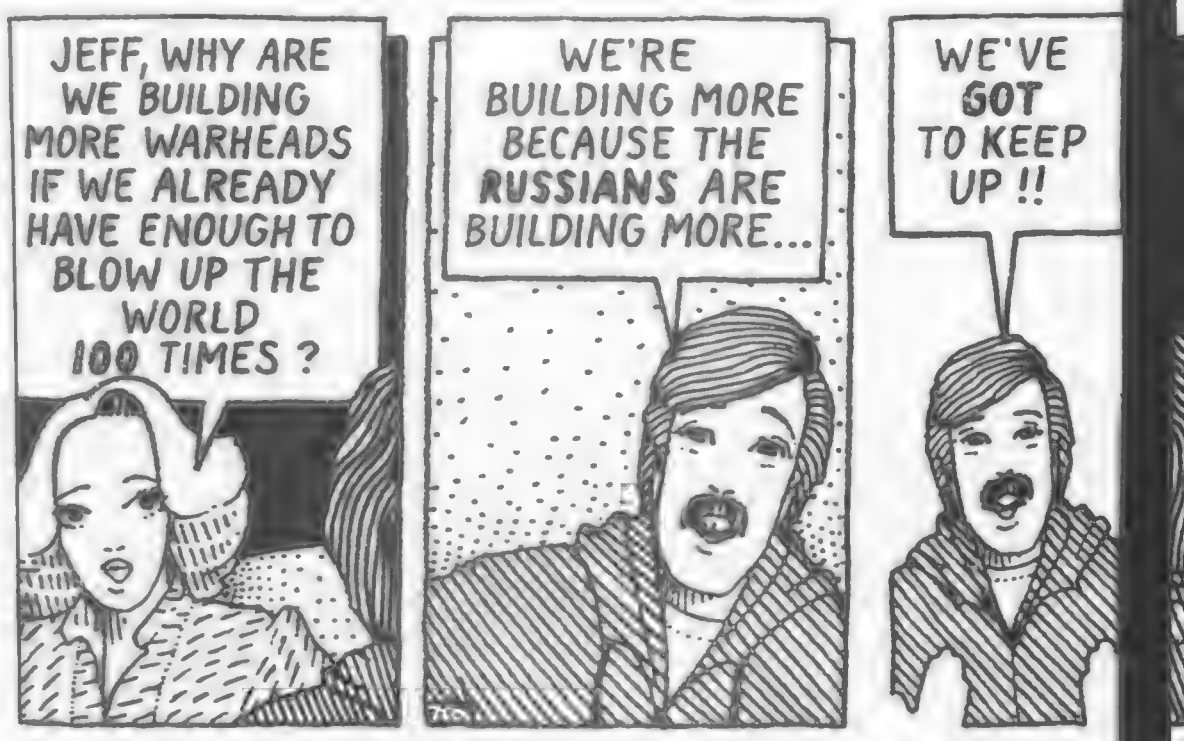
* If you have the choice between sitting alone in a stuffy room to draw and write ALL DAY, or to go to the beach for a clam bake, volleyball and body surfing, AND you choose the room . . . you have the beginnings of the WILL it takes to be a cartoonist.

ON SYNDICATION

I was recommended to the L.A. Times Syndicate by a friend who writes a money column that they syndicate. Eighteen months after my initial introduction, I signed a contract with them!

During that year-and-a-half I continually sent their comics editor what I was currently doing. I'm sure this incessant contact had a lot to do with my success with them. A syndicate wants to know, above all, if you're consistent, hard-working and determined. I was doing a weekly comic strip in a local paper and sent every strip that I did . . . WHATEVER would interest them or remind them I was out there. At least while they were throwing my masterpieces in the trash, they kept SEEING MY NAME! Since we know syndicates read dozens of new strips a week . . . send a package that's easy to read (And easy to open) . . . Make your work physically accessible and devoid of clutter.




JEFF, WHY ARE WE BUILDING MORE WARHEADS IF WE ALREADY HAVE ENOUGH TO BLOW UP THE WORLD 100 TIMES ?
WE'RE BUILDING MORE BECAUSE THE RUSSIANS ARE BUILDING MORE...
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP UP !!

CAROL, TO ME, THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE ARE...
PROPERTY
4-1
AND INVESTMENT
MOST PEOPLE WOULD INCLUDE LOVE AS ONE
OH!—I CAN'T DISAGREE!
LOVE IS A GREAT INVESTMENT!
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate

ON MAKING A LIVING AS A SYNDICATED CARTOONIST (You call THIS a living?) As I'm writing to you, Jud, I'm beginning my second year in syndication with HELLO CAROL. Before that big day (June 8, 1980) I worked as a freelance illustrator for six years . . . It's rough making a living drawing pictures for people, but I managed to do quite well illustrating books, magazines, posters and even local flyers!

The long hours and determination it took to 'make it' as an illustrator were good preparation for the awesome grind of pumping out a daily and Sunday comic strip.

I work 6-7 days a week—most days 9 AM to midnight. I walk a couple of miles every day at sunset. If I'm caught up on my deadlines, I take a night off or even a Sunday. Even though I love my work, I do like it when I'm caught up enough to take a break . . . For, you see, I love my wife and my friends too!

This is the exact size in which Bob's original strips are drawn.

THAT'S LIKE MY PARENTS BUYING A CADILLAC THEY CAN'T AFFORD — JUST BECAUSE THE JONESES BOUGHT ONE
CAROL! YOU'VE JUST DESCRIBED OUR MILITARY POLICY— KEEPING UP WITH THE BREZHNEVS
© 1981 Los Angeles Times Syndicate
5-20

The tiny cartoon panel with the tremendous success story.

Love is...

Twelve years ago the warmhearted, universally popular LOVE IS cartoon panel sprang to life in the long-distance correspondence between Kim Grove Casali, a Los Angeles-based secretary at the time, and her fiance in San Francisco. ♡ At the end of each letter, Kim added a little drawing and a romantic caption. Her fiance, later to become her husband and father of her three sons, showed the drawings to a friend at the Oakland Tribune. He, in turn, sent copies to the Los Angeles Times Syndicate where their potential was quickly recognized. The rest is syndication history. ♡ Now Kim spreads the LOVE IS message daily in more than 200 newspapers worldwide. Her work also appears on jewelry, T-shirts, sleepwear and stationery and in book collections which have been translated in dozens of foreign editions. ♡ We salute Kim Grove Casali and her limitless romantic imagination. Here's to many happy years ahead!

We want you to make syndication history, too. Send your submissions to:

Los Angeles Times
SYNDICATE

TIMES MIRROR SQUARE
LOS ANGELES, CA 90053

J. WILLARD COLSTON/president

RICHARD S. NEWCOMBE/
vice president and general manager

JANE AMARI/editor

TOLL-FREE/(800) 421-8603
COLLECT/(213) 972-7987
FROM CA./(800) 252-0664

For a free copy of this newspaper, write Ms. Janet Tober, Editor THE PRESS, The Greater Buffalo Press, 302 Grote St., Buffalo, N.Y. 14207.

THE PRESS
VOL. VI, NO. 1 © 1981 GREATER BUFFALO PRESS, INC.
SPECIAL INAE ISSUE
COMIC UPDATE/80
COMICS ADVERTISER'S NEWSLETTER
Vol. 1 No. 1
Editor of CARTOONIST PROFILES Magazine—the leading trade journal for the comics industry—offers advertisers stimulating tips on how to produce more attractive and sales effective comics art.
BRIGHT YOUNG A.D.S LOOK TO COMICS AS "NEW" CREATIVE SALES TOOL
An interview with Jud Hurd, editor of "Cartoonist Profiles" launches UPDATE/80—the new comics information service. UPDATE/80 was conceived by Metro Sunday Comics to inform advertisers of new developments in graphics, production, readership and comics marketing psychology.
We will be talking with authorities in the areas of comic art, comic production and/or comic merchandising and we'll be passing along to you experience and expertise of the foremost leaders in the field of creative cartoon communications.
We know that nowhere else in communications does the truism, "One picture's worth a thousand words" apply more than in the comics medium. Numerous studies and surveys confirm that comics communicate better, quicker, and with a greater degree of lasting impact, dollar for dollar, than any other form of mass media.
The following conversation with Jud Hurd, explores the ways comics advertising can be made more effective.
Vol. 1 No. 2
Cartoonist/Writer ALFRED ANDRIOLA
COMIC UPDATE/80
When the first issue of Metro's exciting new comics advertiser's newsletter, Comic UPDATE/80 crossed my desk, I called the editor, Gus St. Anthony, to learn more about this publication. Here, in his own words, is the story behind this new comic promotion and some excerpts from the first issue.
Editor
STORY ON PAGE 7

"Quick, I want an affidavit on this—is there a notary aboard?"

Your Travels can be A GOOD SOURCE OF GAGS!

by I. Klein

Here's another in our series of reminiscent articles by former Disney artist, and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN

On an early morning of May nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, (1927) I was on a lighter approaching the landing dock in the port of Boulogne, France. An overwhelming sinking feeling in my stomach possessed me. I was thinking: "What the hell am I doing here ready to land in France, without knowing a word of the French language and knowing no one in this foreign country." I had just crossed the Atlantic on a fine luxury liner. Up to less than a month before, I had no notion or intention of going abroad.

THE SPARK!

This new scenario was sparked unknowingly by a new acquaintance, Frank Walts. At that time he was the poster artist for the Theatre Guild. He was my senior by about a dozen years. It was a Saturday evening. My studio on 7th Avenue near 14th Street (N.Y.C.) was always open house. Friends dropped in at all hours. Around seven, Martha, a neighbor, came in. She had hardly settled down with a cigarette when Frank Walts barged in. I introduced him to Martha, expecting him to barge out. Instead he too settled down. We talked, dull talk. Lots of silent spaces. After a half hour Martha got up and left. Almost immediately Walts drifted out. Nothing left but to go out by myself for a bite to eat. Putting on my jacket I felt an envelope in my breast pocket. It was an invitation to a pre-view screening of a foreign movie, to be held that very evening at the Wurlitzer Piano Auditorium on 42nd Street. I had forgotten about it. I still had time to eat and reach the auditorium on time. The place was full of friends and acquaintances. Lots of refreshments. The film shown was the first American screening of the Russian silent film "POTEMKIN" (now a motion picture classic). When the party was over I walked with a group of friends to a Child's Restaurant. While having coffee and stuff the conversation went from the Russian movie to European travel. Most of this group had gone abroad one or more times. The question of language barrier was dismissed. One can always manage.

The following morning I chatted with my next door neighbor Charley Howard, a young artist a bit older than myself. He had been abroad several times. I told him about the previous night's experience and the talk about going to Paris and elsewhere. He proceeded to give me some experienced advice. One item of caution was to avoid hanging around with "the Left Bank crowd" in Paris. "They are all fornicaters."

Charles Howard some years later settled in England where he attained recognition as an outstanding artist. My talk with Howard continued the spirit of the Child's Restaurant bull-session.

I had a routine of wandering around town by bus or subway or by just walking every morning, in a cartoon gag hunt. I did this particularly for NEW YORKER ideas. I always came back with some usable material. That morning I rode all the way to South Ferry at the bottom of Manhattan Island. I looked out at New York harbor and the Statue of Liberty and continued strolling in the vicinity. I passed the store-office of The White Star Line. Just for the heck of it I went inside and asked the rates for passage to France. They quoted the cost, saying the Student Rates were the most inexpensive. Back in those days there was only a trickle of tourists going abroad. They told me, "No need for waiting in line. Put down your money and away-you-go. Is your passport in order? You know where the Customs House is around the corner. Get a passport form there, fill it out, attach a passport photo of yourself, send it to Washington, D.C., and in a week, if everything is in order, you will receive your passport."

After thanking the man I walked over to the U.S. Customs House. No problem getting the form. Just for the fun of it I filled out the form on the spot, then went back to where I lived on 7th Avenue and 14th Street. There was a store right there on 14th Street where photographs were taken for licenses and passports. I could not resist going in, and in no time at all, my picture was taken and developed. Result was handed to me. I pasted it down on the form, just to see how it looked and by golly, it looked official. My next step was to show it off to a friend who lived in the same building with me, just for the kick of seeing his reaction. He was Hank Berger, a commercial artist. Hank shared his studio with two other guys, Maurice Rawson, also a commercial artist, and cartoon animator Bill Tytla. Hank was alone when I came in. I flashed the passport form with the attached photo at him. The following dialog ensued: "You're going off vacationing to Europe . . . maybe to Paris?" "Yeh, maybe if I had a partner . . how about you joining me, Hank?" Hank: "Just like that? . . . without notice? NOSIREE." A short time later Maurice came in. Hank said to me, "Show him the passport." I flashed the passport form with my photo again. Maurice's eyes popped open wide and he let out a shout: "Wow!" and leaped up high in the air. As he landed on his feet he exclaimed: "You two guys going to Europe?" I answered "Yes." Then Hank also said: 'Yes' much to my surprise. When Bill turned up Maurice took over: "Bill hold on to your whiskers . . these two bastards are off for a trip to Europe as soon as they get their passports."

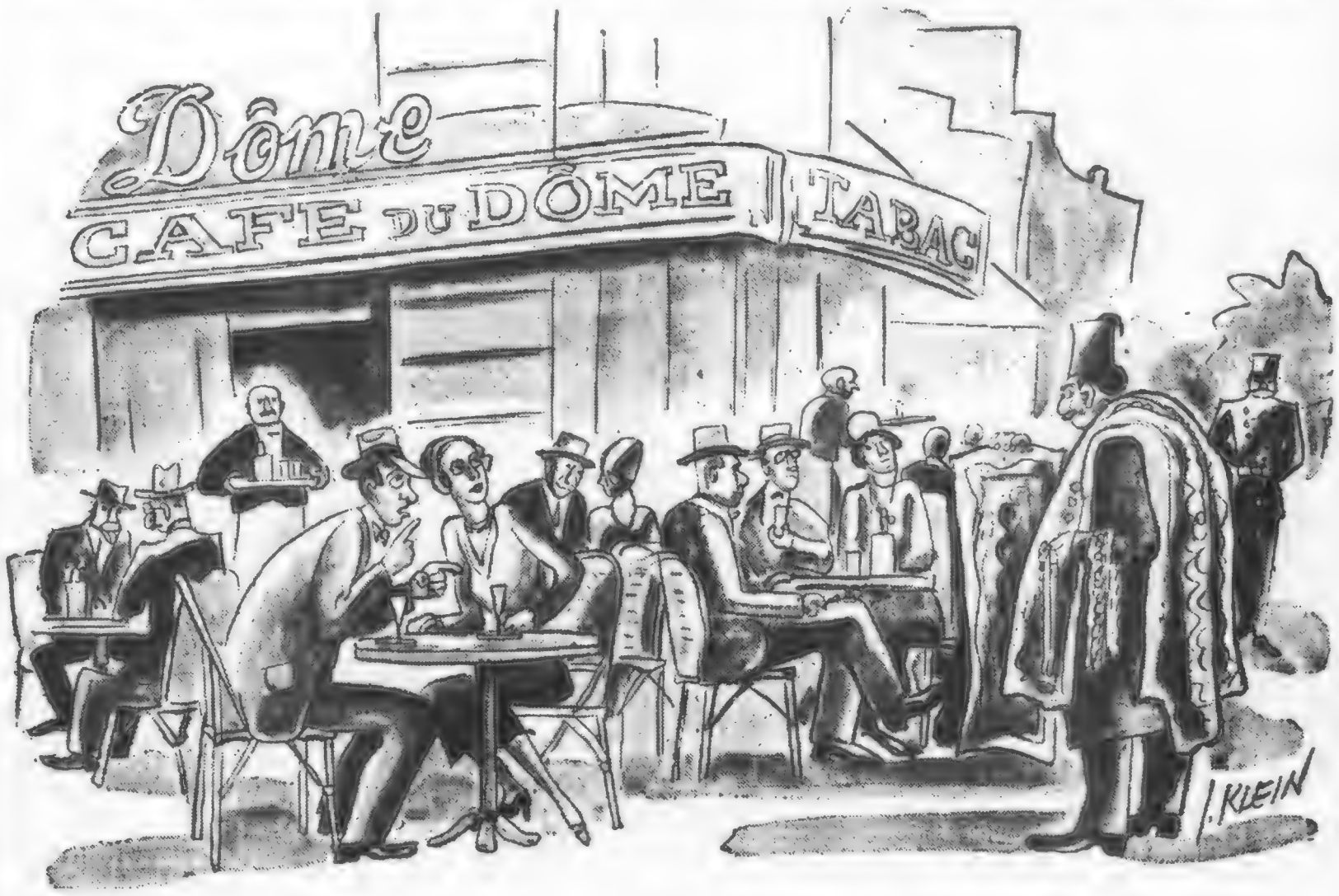
BON VOYAGE.

I sent the filled out form to Washington, D.C. the same night. Hank sent for his the following day after obtaining the form and photo to go with it. A week later my passport arrived in the mail. Hank's was slower in coming through.

There was another incident that turned out to be related to this dash to foreign shores, shortly before all the above. This was at the home of Otto Soglow. He had invited a group of "New Yorker" magazine cartoonists to a party he was giving to himself. It was a going away bash to celebrate a trip he was to take to Paris. Harold Ross was among the guests. (Harold Ross was one of the founders and the first editor of "The New Yorker".) I was also a guest. Ross was standing with an elbow resting on a mantel piece with a highball in his other hand. I walked over to say "Hello." He returned the hello and added: "Klein, are you going to run out on me too?" I naturally answered: "No, not me Mr. Ross." The idea of going off on a European vacation was the most remote thing on my mind, which goes to prove something or other.

When I received my passport (I was too keyed up to wait for Hank's to arrive), I said to Hank: "I will meet you in Paris." I went downtown, purchased my round-way steamship ticket to France, Student Class. Then bought a new suit as an extra suit and a new suitcase. I also made a deal with my younger brother, Saul, to stay at my studio for the summer. He was delighted . . firstly it would save him the daily commuting trip from Newark N.J. where he lived in our parents' home. He worked in New York City for an architect. Another thing to his satisfaction was that I was paying the rent for that period.

At the end of that week I was aboard ship and



© *The New York American*

"Are you sure it isn't your father in disguise?"

ready to cross the Atlantic. Hank, Maurice, Bill and my brother Saul came to see me off. When I went to bed in my little stateroom the ship was still hanging on to New York. Next morning I was up on deck at daybreak. Ocean all around. All clear and sunny. As the morning progressed, I had breakfast and chatted with other passengers. One of them said: "I've heard it rumored that some crazy dope was going to try to cross the Atlantic on a solo flight in one day. The only food he is taking along is one sandwich." Others had heard the same rumor. During the entire time of our voyage we all watched the sky. No dopey flyer was to be seen.

FRANCE.

After a week at sea we reached the French port of Boulogne without seeing that rumored young man in a flying machine crossing our skies. With qualms and trepidation I followed through the arrival routine, from the ocean liner on to the lighter, to the shore, through Customs, walking with the other passengers to the railroad station and the waiting train for Paris. While going through this activity I kept thinking how the heck will I get settled in that strange city. I did not take into consideration that Providence often provides for the foolhardy. The hand of Providence came forward by way of a matronly lady I often saw sitting in a deck chair. She was among the passengers who were now at the railway station. She came over to me: "Excuse me young man, you are from our ship, yes? You are going to Paris, yes?" She spoke with a foreign accent. She continued: "I am traveling to visit Budapest . . . Hungary." She then said that her train to Budapest wouldn't leave until the following afternoon and she must stay in Paris overnight. A nephew of hers would meet her at the Paris railroad station and direct her to a proper hotel and a good restaurant. "You will come with me, yes? You will engage a room for yourself too. Tomorrow you will escort me to my train to Budapest." I was slightly bewildered but agreed. The lady then walked to another part of the waiting room after saying: "I will meet you after this train arrives in Paris this evening." So that settled where I will stayover on my first night in France.

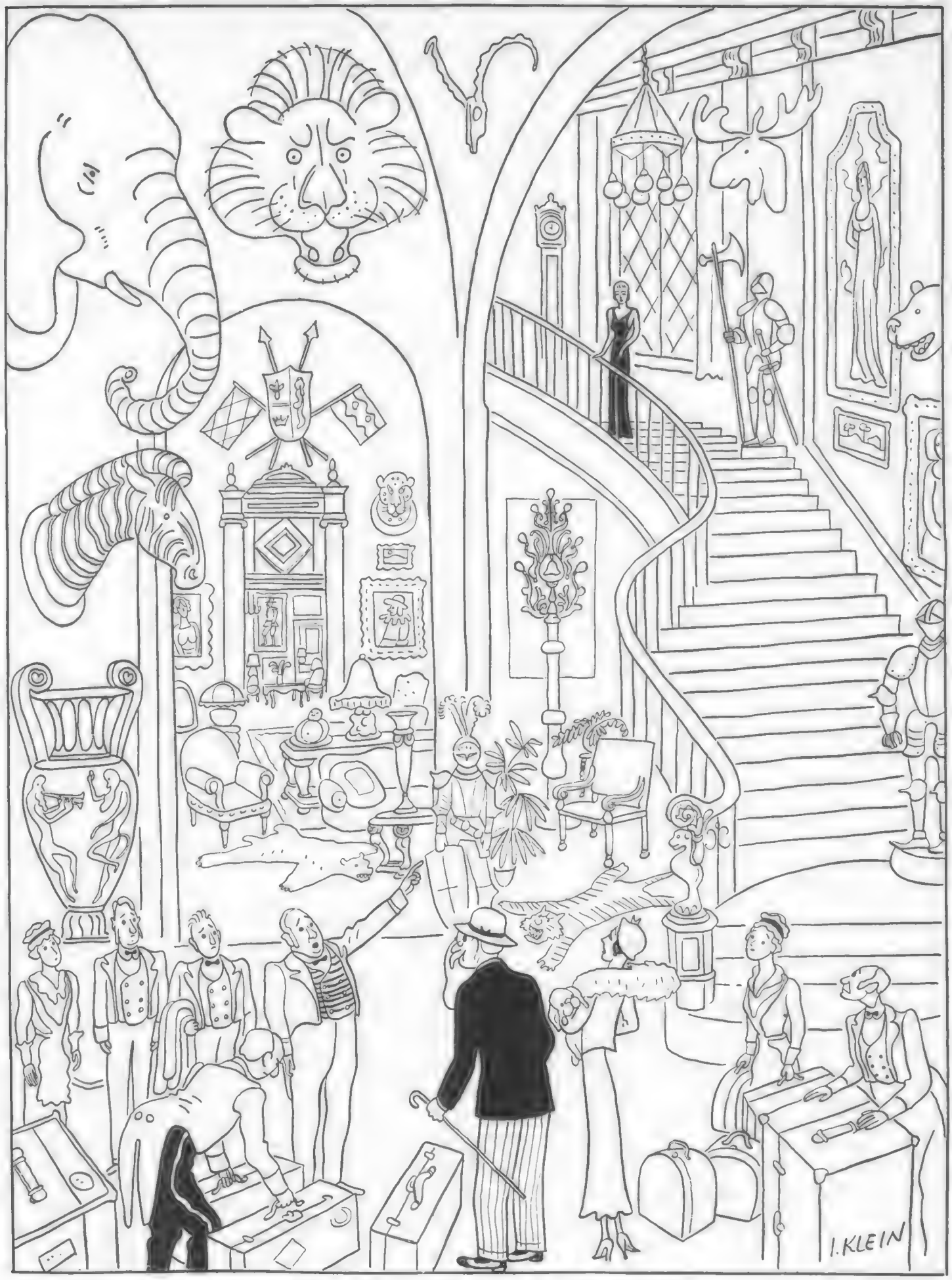
When our ship's crowd walked through the streets of Boulogne on our way to the railroad station we were followed by a horde of *beggars* with outstretched hands, men, women and children. It was a long train ride to Paris. I occupied a compartment with a half-dozen men from our ship. They were all older than myself and all going to "the old country" for a visit.

PARIS.

It was towards evening when our train pulled into the Paris station. I stepped down to the platform with my suitcase. NOW WHAT? Then I heard a voice: "Young man, please, over here." It was that matronly lady. She was with a tall man sporting a spade beard. "This is my nephew" by way of introduction. The man held a small sheet of paper in his hand. The nephew spoke in heavily French-accented English, pointing at that sheet of paper: "That is an address of a restaurant. A taxi will take you there. There also is the name of a hotel near that restaurant. Ask the waiter and he will point out that hotel to you." The nephew hailed a cab, talked to the cabby and paid him in advance. He then kissed his aunt and shook hands with me. The cabby put our luggage next to himself in front. There was my suitcase and a small case

© *The New York American*

"What do you say, Mr. Frillop, we go down for a plunge in the swimming pool?"



"Have you forgotten, sir? You brought back a wife on your last trip."

for the lady. Her baggage, was at the station for the Budapest train, she explained.

The cab drove to the designated restaurant where we had a tasty full course dinner at a most reasonable price. The lady showed our waiter the name of the hotel her nephew had written on that slip of paper. He pointed across the boulevard. The waiter spoke some English. He carried the lady's case and my suitcase to that hotel. There was no problem engaging rooms. I was all pooped out by that time and slept soundly. I was awakened by the light of day and city noises. Those noises were mostly a continuing medley of auto horns. Unlike the New York City honking, the Parisian ones were all musical sounding, not harmonious but like an orchestra tuning up. I quickly washed up, dressed and went down to the lobby. It was about 7:30 A.M. The lady was waiting. We had breakfast at the restaurant of the previous evening. The waiter directed us to the railroad station for the lady's Budapest train. We walked, since it was within walking distance. At the station a group of our ship's passengers were there also waiting for that train. They greeted us like old friends. Several of the men gave me grimacing grins and winks. One of the men whispered to me: "How was she?" I caught on to what they meant and responded with a grin and a wink. Nevertheless I could only see that lady as a genteel matron.

The train for my matronly lady and for the others pulled into the station. They all got aboard, my lady shook hands with me and thanked me for my help. I could see her taking a window seat. The train window was open and she looked out. When she saw me she leaned forward directly over where I stood on the platform. She addressed me in a mock-sweet voice: "You nice young man. You must have good mama . . . you hear good what she tell you, yes? Maybe I write to your mama, a letter, yes . . Tell her you good boy." She was laughing as the train gained speed. Suddenly she did not look matronly at all.

My next thought was to find a more reasonably priced hotel than the one I was in. When my matronly friend checked out of the hotel, I did likewise. I had paid my bill but left my suitcase in the hotel office. I had cashed an American Express check on shipboard for ready French money. I walked back to my now familiar restaurant. I came in between lunch and dinner time when the waiter was free. He was the only waiter in this small eating place. I am not sure of his name but I think it was Antoine. I asked him if he knew of an inexpensive hotel. He was happy to take me "to just zee place . . . neat, clean and "eenexpenseeve". It was just that. It looked like a monk's cell. It was a small white-washed room, four flights up with a large window looking down on an enclosed courtyard. The furnishing consisted of a bed, chair, a small table and hooks on the wall for hanging up things. There was an electric bulb set in the ceiling with a pull-cord. I took this place with mental reservations, planning to ditch it as soon as my friend arrived. The location was on a narrow street in the vicinity of the historic prison, the Bastille. The waiter was so sure I would engage that room that we picked up my suitcase at the first hotel before going up to see my new room. I paid a week's rent in advance and was settled now in the fabulous city of Paris.

I had dinner again at "my restaurant." While I ate the waiter politely asked me if I would like to visit a book dealer nearby. The dealer would like to meet "his" American. I replied that was fine with me. After I finished and paid my bill, I was the last customer, we went. Night had fallen by that time. (This waiter, Antoine, was a young man of about twenty two or three.) We went off the main boulevard into a series of side streets. Stores were shuttered . . . often steel shuttered. We finally stopped in front of a hole-in-the wall place with one big, crude wooden shutter covering the window. Chinks of light gleamed from between the uneven slats. Antoine knocked on the door. It was opened a crack. There was an exchange of words and then the door was opened wide enough for both of us to enter. Inside was a tall man, bald, except for a fringe of blonde hair on the back of his head. He also sported a blond mustache. His outstanding feature was a round bulb-like swelling in the middle of his forehead. As to this place being a book store . . . it was the most meagerly stocked example of a book store . . . some shelves along one wall with a few books scattered on them. The place was dimly lit by a single electric bulb suspended by a long wire from the ceiling. Antoine introduced me as his American friend, in French. (I recognized some words . . Ami . . Americain.) There were no chairs so we all stood. The man said: "You from New York?" "Yes sir". Man: "I read American books about Indians by grande Americain writer, Feenimoor Cooper". Then he asked: "Many Indians in New York City?" (I was half hypnotized by the lump on this character's forehead) . . My answer: "No Indians in New York only in Brooklyn." That was a capricious answer, but as a matter of fact there is a settlement of Indians in Brooklyn who are high steel workers. They work on putting up the girders of sky-scrapers and other high rise buildings.

Man: "What books you read?" I answered addressing the lump: "Books by Horatio Alger, like "From Rags To Riches". Man: "Ah, a capitalist writer, everybody become rich". I said to Antoine that I wished to leave. We left. He walked me back to my new sleeping quarters.

I slept very soundly that night in my monk's cell. I rose early the following morning. The day was Sunday . . a bright sunny Sunday. I decided to go out alone without my waiter-guide. After breakfast at a sidewalk cafe, I just strolled. I came to a wide boulevard with windows displaying paintings. There were only a few strollers. A handsome woman attractively dressed stopped to view a painting in one of the windows I just mentioned. I was then aware of a gentleman fashionably attired approaching the same art gallery window. He stopped in back of the woman and gave her a loud wack on the rump. The woman calmly turned and kissed the man, took his arm and they both walked away. (No comment.)

FRIENDS AT LAST!

I continued on my sight seeing tour and so by chance I came upon the MUSEUM OF MUSEUMS, THE LOUVRE. I saw people going in and I followed. The admission fee was two francs. (Twenty five francs to the American dollar in 1927). I paid the fee and wandered from one gallery into another. I reached a small room hung with small portraits. I admired them, also surprised by the name of the painter. Just then a voice at my elbow said: "I guess you didn't know that Corot painted solid portraits besides his famous wispy landscapes." The voice added: "You are Klein?" I turned to look at the speaker. He was Moses Soyer, who was to become a notable painter. I knew him as a fellow student at various art schools. I also knew he was in Paris on a painting scholarship. He was surprised to see me here. He asked. "Are you on a *scholarship* too?" I answered: "No, I am here on a crazy impulse." When I told him where I stayed, Soyer said, "You sure are away from everything and everybody." He suggested I walk to the Dome Cafe (Cafe du Dome) where I was sure to meet people I knew and I should find a hotel room in that vicinity. Soyer told me how to reach that cafe. I lost no time in following Soyer's directions. That involved crossing one of the numerous bridges across the river Seine. The area where I lived was on "The Right Bank" and The Louvre Museum was also on that side of the river. Cafe du Dome was on "The Left Bank". I managed somehow with the help of a guiding instinct to find that famous cafe. I sat down at one of the outdoor tables and in no time at all I found myself eyeballing with a familiar face. He was a fine artist friend from several art schools including the first art school I attended, The Fawcet Drawing School in Newark, N.J. and The National Academy of Art in New York City. He asked me what brought me to Paris. I said I had run away to escape from Prohibition so that I could drink real beer and liquor. On that he shouted: "Garcon" which brought the waiter to our table and we celebrated our meeting with a glass of real beer. The most delicious beer I had tasted in many years. A long way from Prohibition's "Needle beer". From then on I bumped into more friends and acquaintances who put me on the right track for everything. This included a proper hotel near the Cafe du Dome.

On the day following my running in to Moses Soyer at the Louvre, I was again in that Museum and had a chance encounter with a young chap who was a good friend of Martha, the girl I spoke of at the early part of this narration. He was a tall blonde guy. His face brightened up when he saw me. We were only nodding acquaintances. "You are I. Klein, The New Yorker cartoonist . . of course. This is your first experience with Paris?" When I said yes, he continued. "I know this City inside and out. Come, I'll show you around."

SEEING PARIS WITH FRIENDS.

We walked to the Montmarte area where my friend took me to a fine restaurant. We were seated in a sort of palm garden. Three waiters served us and a fourth was the wine steward. My friend said "Now you will taste real wine, not the Prohibition slop served in the States." He was right. It was a golden amber colored wine and out of this world. After eating we walked around *Montmartre* where he pointed out the Moulin Rouge and the outstanding feature high up on a hill, the cathedral of Sacre Coeur. There were artists sketching and painting out on the streets. I experienced a more colorful view of Montmartre the following night when another friend, Adolph Dehn, a notable lithograph artist, showed me the sights in the same quarter of Paris. The streets around the

"I wonder what set those Babbitts travelling."

famous Moulin Rouge were brightly lit up, very crowded with natives, tourists and street-walkers. Those girls hooked on to our arms, smiling "Buy drink .. we have fun". Dehn would always say "I have no money", our arms would be quickly unhooked. We were also joined by some of the young ladies when we sat at a table outside the Moulin Rouge. We treated two or three to a glass of wine, we laughed and shook our heads to their invitations for "a happy night".

I also cleared out from my monk's cell to a nice hotel in the Latin Quarter where Cafe du Dome was located. That cafe was on Boulevard Montparnasse. The Academy Grande Chaumiere was nearby. Here for a small fee I attended sketch classes from the nude where models, males (sometimes) females mostly, posed in the buff. These classes were a sort of side show at least once a day for gawking tourists brought to the doorway by a tour guide.

On Thursday evening after I had dinner in a restaurant around the corner from The Dome, I joined a group of New York artist friends. One of them told me that they are going on a sight seeing visit to a place on Rue Blondelle. He further explained that Rue Blondelle was the street of the brothels. I was invited to come along. I accepted the invitation.

We hailed a taxi cab, "Rue Blondelle" was all that was said and the cabby needed no other instructions. When we reached that street, one of the guys led the way to one of the houses, opened the door on the street level and walked in. The rest of us followed. We entered a large restaurant type room with tables all around and benches between the tables and the walls. The walls were hung with mirrors. A sturdy man in a dark suit stood on one side. He looked like a bouncer but proved to be a waiter. There was a hostess too, a tall thin woman with a severe expression, dressed in black right up to her chin. She sat our group at a long table, on a bench with our backs to the wall. Five or six young women in high heels were walking around in the open area of the room. High heels were the only things they were wearing, otherwise they were stark naked. There was boisterous laughter from men at the other tables. A nude girl sat at a table with a man. At one table two well dressed women in fancy hats were seated with several men, obviously sightseers.

The waiter came to our table. We all ordered beers. The hostess signaled to the nude girls after the waiter served us our beers. The beers came in large beer steins. We paid as we were served. At the signal from the hostess the girls lined up in front of our table, lifted their breasts in the palms of their hands and at the same time let out hissing sounds through their teeth. We shook our heads NO. They walked away, except a fat girl who sat down next to the end man. The end man happened to be me. She picked up my stein of beer and gulped down about half of it and walked off. We sat around for a while. Some of the "patrons" went upstairs with the accommodating ladies. There were comings and goings. We finally went, back to the Dome and to our separate lodgings.

When my friend Hank arrived on Friday I had everything set up for both of us. Hank's arrival in Paris coincided with the landing at Le Bourget airport outside Paris, of the flier who was rumored to be attempting a solo crossing of the Atlantic, during my ship's crossing. (Charles Lindbergh's solo-trans-Atlantic flight May 20–21 1927). The following morning on our way to do some sketching, Hank Berger and I passed L'hotel de Ville (City Hall). The front of this ancient edifice was decorated with American and French flags to welcome "The American Lone Eagle". Many important, recognizable French dignitaries were out front and a vast crowd of plain people. Lindbergh was not yet on display. Hank and I continued walking. We were too impressed with our own jump across the Big Ditch. Even though we crossed on a conventional ocean liner.

SUMMARY OF CONTINUING PEREGRINATIONS.

Hank Berger and I remained in Paris for about three weeks after his arrival. Then we went on *a 3-month* sketching tour through Southern France, Monte Carlo, Italy, Austria, Germany and back to Paris and hence home to New York. The momentum of this Odyssey sent me traveling the following year , 1928. First for a brief stay in London and then to Paris again. I remained in Paris all that summer where I met Ann, a young lady artist. Ann and I were married in New York City some time later.

THE END.

Story by ED BLACK

Attractive Jan Hayes focuses her blue eyes over the scattering of single, brittle, years-old comic book pages, children's books, photographs, and a reprinted collection of "The Katzenjammer Kids" on the dining room table of her home, her neat, short red hair almost totally covering her right cheek.

Her thoughts and memories must surely go back to the days in that home in Manhasset, Long Island, when those very pages were crisp, white and ready to be sent to a now non-existent comic book company in Philadelphia, or carted off — underarm — to the King Features Syndicate headquarters in Manhattan by train, once the ink dried, by her dad. Janet Leslie Musial Hayes, now living in Riverside, California, is the daughter of one of the most prolific cartoonists to ever open an ink bottle: the late Joe Musial.

Musial, who died in the summer of 1977 at the age of 72, was noted for his work on "The Katzenjammer Kids" Sunday page, which he drew for King from 1952 until his death. As King's resident "ghost," because of his ability to graphically mimic the styles of other cartoonists, it is said he drew for more top comic artists than any other cartoonist.

He'd been a King staffer since 1935, also serving as its educational coordinator, and he was also educational director of the National Cartoonists Society.

As educational director of the NCS, Musial lectured before groups at Columbia University, New York University, and the University of Missouri.

Whenever he'd visit Janet and her family when they lived in Boardman, Ohio, he would stop by the Market Street Elementary School for lectures and chalk talks with the students.

Jan Hayes now scans the pages of a comic book drawn by her father in 1949 which received national attention. It featured the characters from the "Blondie" strip and was concerned with mental health and hygiene. In 1950, he produced "Dagwood Splits The Atom," a book on nuclear energy at a time it was considered 100 percent beneficial. A comic book on the U.S. Constitution called "This Is America," came out in 1955. All three efforts were cited in the Congressional Record. In 1961, the NCS honored Musial's contributions to education by presenting him the Silver T-Square Award.

It's difficult to look at Jan Hayes and realize she inspired a cartoon character. She was her dad's inspiration for the comic book page of the late '30s and early '40s called "Jan and Aloysius."

"He also drew 'Dollar a Dither,' and 'Teddy and Sitting Bull,'" she remem-

bers. "These were fillers in the comic books put out by the David McKay Publishing Company of Philadelphia. They turned out Ace, King, and Magic comics."

Little five-year-old David, one of the five children of Bob and Jan Hayes, runs from the living room and hops in his mother's lap, as she turns the pages of a children's book drawn by her dad about 1940. The hard cover is a bit frayed at the corners, but the pages appear mint. Inside the back cover is a 78 r.p.m. record. A youngster could play the record and follow the book at the same time.

It's because of her dad's books Jan Hayes' career as a radio and TV actress began. She explains she was invited to appear on the Uncle Don Carney show over WOR, New York when she was about seven, to act out parts of her dad's book read by Uncle Don. From there she appeared in 37 major radio and TV network shows in the '40s and '50s before marriage and raising five youngsters (the oldest, 21; the youngest, 5). She's appeared in 18 movies, summer stock, and on such shows as "Robert Montgomery Presents" and "Kraft Theater." She attended the Lodge, a professional high school for actors. She points out as her classmates Carol Lynley, Hope Lange, and the late Sal Mineo.

Her younger brother, David Musial, is an art director at a Chicago ad agency, Needham, Harper and Steers. She says he was a cartoonist for the school paper at Indiana University, obviously inheriting his dad's ability. Of late, she says, he's been involved in the production of TV ads for the McDonald chain.

Paging through a book collection of Musial's "Katsies," as he called them, she says her activities around their home in Manhasset always seemed to wind up in the funny papers months later. Incidentally, she says the home was built in the '20s by Tony Randall's father.

"When I was young, I thought Jello was alive because it wiggled. Dad put that in 'Jan and Aloysius,'" she remembers. "I also thought sponge cake was made out of sponges. That wound up in the 'Katsies.' One time I locked our maid in my room. The only way out was through the window. As she was attempting that, she fell through the awning. Thank God that dear woman wasn't hurt. But that, too, wound up in a Katsie page."

She recalls remarking to her dad one day, "plastic flowers are instant flowers." Musial's hobby was gardening and he'd spend much time working in the flower beds around the house. That remark led to a page where the Katzenjammer Kids painted balloons to resemble such vegetables as tomatoes, cucumbers and carrots. The Captain or Mama would plant seeds one day and the very next would be shocked to find succulent, huge fresh products of the soil.

Jan Hayes remembers a Sunday page which was rejected by King Features management. It depicted Hans and Fritz using cement as a replacement for flour. Someone (perhaps Miss Van Twiddle) was planning to bake a cake and the Kids, as usual, wanted to have the last laugh.

"That was rejected because management felt kids who read the sequence might try it themselves," she says. "You can't show poisonous items used around food."

Joseph W. Musial was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1905, one of three sons of Stanley and Natalie Grad Musial. Stanley immigrated to Yonkers

CAPTAIN! MAMA VANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT NOW UND SHE MEANS BIZNESS!
R.D.Q.
DOD ROTTED! IT'S ALVAYS SOMET'ING RIGHT IN DER MIDDLE UFF MY NAP!

from Lemberg, Poland, near Warsaw, in 1898. He had several retail stores in Yonkers: hardware, dry goods and stationery.

Jan Hayes researched her roots and discovered her grandfather, Stanley, had a rather interesting job as a teenager in Europe. His father was superintendent of railroads in Austria. Young Stanley would inspect the tracks and was forced to smoke cigars at night to keep wolves away.

And if the sports-minded reader is wondering if Joe Musial is related to Stan the Man, the answer is yes. Stan Musial, in the baseball Hall of Fame, played first base and outfield for the St. Louis Cardinals from about 1941 to 1963. They were cousins. Another note for sports buffs: Joe Musial's brother, Harry, was a member of the original Celtics basketball team. It was a semi-pro club in Yonkers and later moved to Boston where Bob Cousy and John Havlicek found work.

LOPPUS! YOU PROMISED TO FIX DER LEAK IN DER ROOF A VEEK AGO!
YOU VIMMEN! BAH! ALVAYS YOU VANT VOT YOU VANT VHEN YOU VANT IT!!
DER RADIO VEATHERMAN SAYS NO RAIN DIS VEEK, SO DERE'S NO RUSH FOR ME TO DO IT TODAY...HEH...NOW I'LL GO FINISH MY NAP!
?
BZZ GIFS IDEA
VHY NOT!
VOT DER? IT'S A CLOUDBOIST!
DUMMOX! MORE DAN VUNCE I TOLD YOU NEFER TRUST DER VEATHERMAN!
@#!*
4-3
MUSIAL
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977. World rights reserved.

Janet Musial Hayes and 5-year-old son David look over a "Jan and Aloysius" comic page from the early 1940s done by her dad, the late Joe Musial. The "Blondie" comic on the table was also drawn by Musial, focusing on mental health.

Jan Hayes recalls, "I remember dad saying he always knew he wanted to be an artist because all he ever did was draw. From the time he was young he never lost interest; he was just drawing all the time."

Cartooning was not at the top of Joe Musial's list of goals. He wanted to study drawing and painting and attended the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, financing his way as his daughter says, "by having a lot of strange part-time jobs, including driving a taxi in Brooklyn."

He also attended the Sorbonne in Paris for one year, and, according to Jan Hayes, that was the result of pure, unadulterated circumstance.

"In the mid-20s while attending art school, dad worked summers at a camp in New York State. There was a young camper of about ten or so who stuttered badly. Dad befriended him and worked with him, and the child stopped stuttering. Dad knew nothing about speech therapy. He just became a friend of the boy. The parents were so grateful they wanted to do something for dad. So they financed one year of study at the Sorbonne for him."

Even though Joe Musial earned the bulk of his bread and butter as a cartoonist, he would relax by painting in oils and pastels.

After graduation from Pratt, he joined the army of humorous illustrators submitting work to Judge, the old Life and other humor magazines of the day. In 1930, he married Pratt student Lois Keller, Jan and David's mother. She died in December 1965.

How did he wind up at King Features? How did he come to draw 'The Katzenjammer Kids'? One of those who knew

Harold Knerr (1883-1949) began doing the Katzenjammer Kids for the New York Journal in 1912, after Rudolph Dirks joined the New York World. Knerr drew the strip until his death in 1949. He was a cartoonist on a paper in Philadelphia before coming to the Journal.

Doc Winner, King Features' "trouble-shooter" worked on "The Katzenjammer Kids" from 1949 to his death in 1956, when Joe Musial took over. Here Winner is shown working on a strip of his own creation, "Elmer . .", a kid strip.

King Features cartoonist Mike Senich has been given the assignment of carrying on the Katzenjammer Kids after Joe Musial's death in June, 1977. Five cartoonists have thus far worked on the longest continuing comic in history since Rudolph Dirks first penned their antics in 1897.

him at the time is Reuben Award winner Bob (They'll Do It Every Time) Dunn, who, as he pointed out several times in his "Said and Dunn" column for Cartoonist PROfiles, was a bullpen staffer at King Features at the time the script read: Enter: Joe Musial.

Dunn says, "Joe came to King in 1935. They were expanding the comics department. A few new adventure strips were being launched like 'Mandrake the Magician,' 'The Phantom,' and 'Flash Gordon.'"

"Joe just applied for a job at the right time," Bob Dunn goes on. "(Comics) Editor Leo McManus needed a bigger staff to do paste-ups. The sales department was selling Sunday pages in new sizes: tabloid, one-half and one-third pages, comic books, etc." (Comic books then were reprints of syndicated strips.)

"Joe was ambitious and was soon helping established cartoonists, ghosting for anyone who fell behind schedule," Bob Dunn recalls. It is said Musial's first pro job was as assistant to Billy DeBeck on "Barney Google," but this must have been for only a short period, because about 1935 or '36, DeBeck discovered a talented high schooler in Florida named Freddy Lasswell. Lasswell took over that strip after DeBeck's death November 11, 1942 and continues today.

It's also reported Musial did the Popeye strip for one week after the death of Elzie Segar October 13, 1938. Dunn adds he did some work on Russ Westover's "Tillie the Toiler," also. Plus some "Little Iodine" Sundays to help Jimmy Hatlo.

Bob Dunn says Musial was always trying to improve other people's gags which stemmed from his times as a free lance gag cartoonist.

Jan Hayes says, "Dad once told me it takes about three weeks to really get into another cartoonist's style with comfort."

Since Cartoonist PROfiles readers are familiar with "The Katzenjammer Kids" saga, because of CP's stories on Rudolph and John Dirks several years ago, suffice it to say here that Rudolph Dirks originated the feature, and that when he left the Hearst organization to draw "The Captain & The Kids" for The World, Hearst hired Harold Knerr to draw "The Katzenjammer Kids" until Knerr's death July 8, 1949. Then the man often described as King Features' troubleshooter, Doc Winner, carried on the strip until Winner's death in *1956*. That's when King passed the torch on to Joe Musial.

It was during this time Joe Musial drew "Dagwood Splits the Atom" and the Dagwood comic on mental health. The woman who wrote the latter, Lois Farrar, then public relations director for the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, became, 18 years later, the second Mrs. Musial.

Jan Hayes also recalls the cartoonist get-togethers at their Manhasset home. Such personages as Bud Sagendorf, Al Capp, Al Kilgore, Frank Fogarty, Brandon Walsh, Harry Welch, Bob Dunn, Fred Neher, Fred Harman and Ernie Bushmiller would show up. She says her dad would receive about 100 fan letters a week. Three weeks before his death, in fact, a letter arrived from a fan in Sweden.

Musial also belonged to an artists' group called the Church Mice, which would gather in an old church in Roslyn, New York, several times a year. Musial's sense of humor wasn't confined to just his drawing board.

"I remember when I was about 18," Jan Hayes recalls, "we took a cruise from New York City to West Point and back. We were standing at a bar talking to (comic book artist) Paul Fung, Junior, when dad noticed an acquaintance at the bar engaged in private conversation; an editor at the old Life magazine. For the heck of it we decided to talk Chinese; Paul didn't speak much, if any. But we put over a snow job . . . a picturesque Sid Caesar imitation of a Chinese dialect, gestures and all . . . for over an hour. The vocal tones were just loud enough for this editor to hear."

"Several weeks later," she continues, "at the Overseas Press Club the same editor went up to dad and said, "I didn't know you spoke Chinese.' Dad never told him any different."

She said he'd also play a little joke on strangers during the trainride from Manhasset to New York each morning to break the monotony.

"He'd get the New York Times and when he would see someone struggling over the crossword puzzle, he'd sit next to them and in his copy of the puzzle would fill in the spaces quickly, with just any words, not the ones called for. He'd take about six or seven minutes to finish it and the passenger next to him would fume with frustration."

Such was the life of one of the most versatile cartoonists in print.

But cancer stilled that talent. Joe Musial died June 6, 1977, at North Shore Hospital in Manhasset. The Katzenjammers live on, though. Mike Senich now does the strip for King. But for 15 years the "Katsies" were in very able hands: the hands of Joe Musial, the kid who wanted to be an artist, the camp counselor who found himself at the Sorbonne, the King Features staffer who was in the right place at the right time, the educational coordinator who made speeches at Columbia, the inkster who helped Dagwood split the atom.

As Jan Hayes says, "I'm proud of being Joe Musial's daughter." ●

PRESTON BLAIR

Here are several sample pages from famed animator PRESTON BLAIR'S new Walter T. Foster book, 'How To Animate Film Cartoons'. We know they'll whet your appetite for a book chock full of such subjects as 'Timing and Spacing Patterns', 'Accents-Beats-Scene Timing', 'Cycles-Planned Animation', 'Limited Animation-Cutouts', 'Camera & Technical', 'Mouth Action-Pronunciation', and many others. It should be available soon at your local art store. It's an invaluable aid for professionals and for those who aspire to the animator's art!

Incidentally, we had a great many appreciative comments from our readers about all those Mickey Mouse 'Sorcerer's Apprentice' drawings of Preston's from 'Fantasia' in our March issue.

SKETCHING BASICS - A SHORTHAND ART

Animators make series of rough outline type sketches that suggest the movement of a character. It's like the handwriting of words with no thought about forming individual letters, only thought of what you're saying (or acting)

For poses make scribbles of what you see in your imagination, then, study the scribble for suggestions. Imaging before and after sketching Forget drawing, scribble! Beginners become an artist-animator only through hours of sketching

Make many attempts. The sketch is like a plan for a building, so pick from many. Reverse your sketch (turn-over on lightboard) and re-draw Slightly erase with a kneaded eraser and re-draw Sketch in colored pencil, and re-draw in black

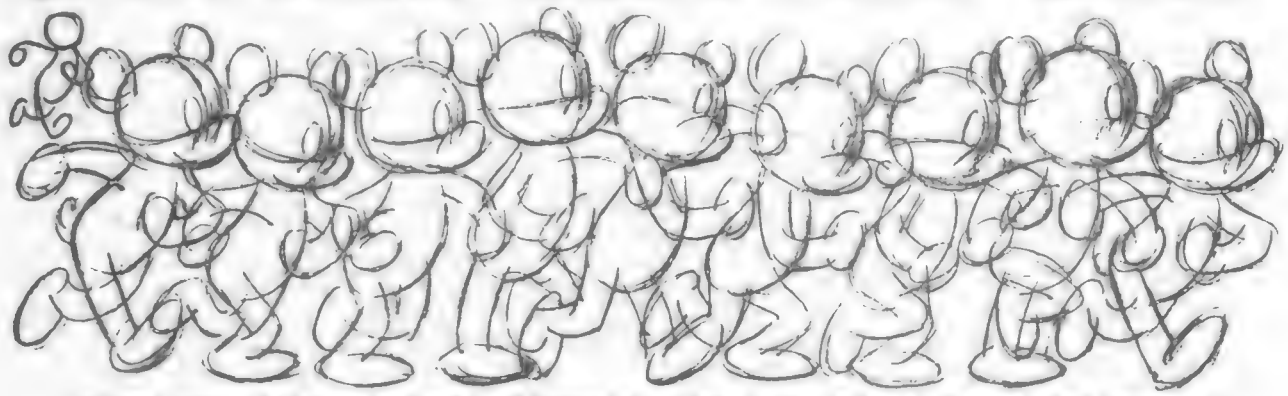
Scribbles can become multiple sketches. Keep trying to get a suggestion of what you want

A rough outline suggestion is the first step. It may have to come from many scribble attempts

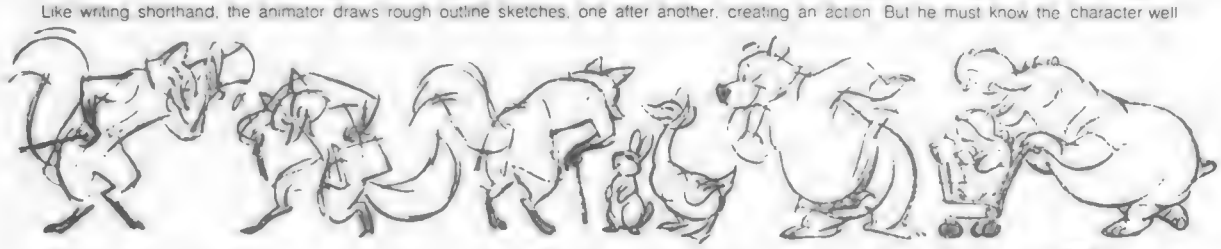
Use your imagination to develop the drawing. This may also take many scribble attempts to finish

This is an animator's "rough" A "clean-up" finished detail drawing is made from this basis

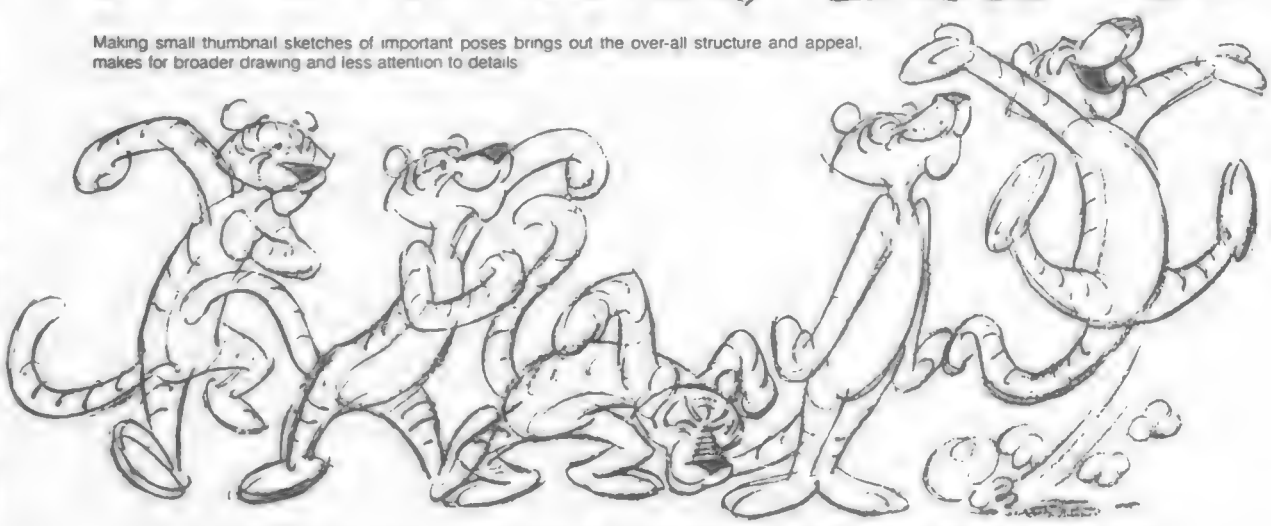
You should know all about this But, animators don't draw this skeleton first, they sketch outline



Like writing shorthand, the animator draws rough outline sketches, one after another, creating an action But he must know the character well



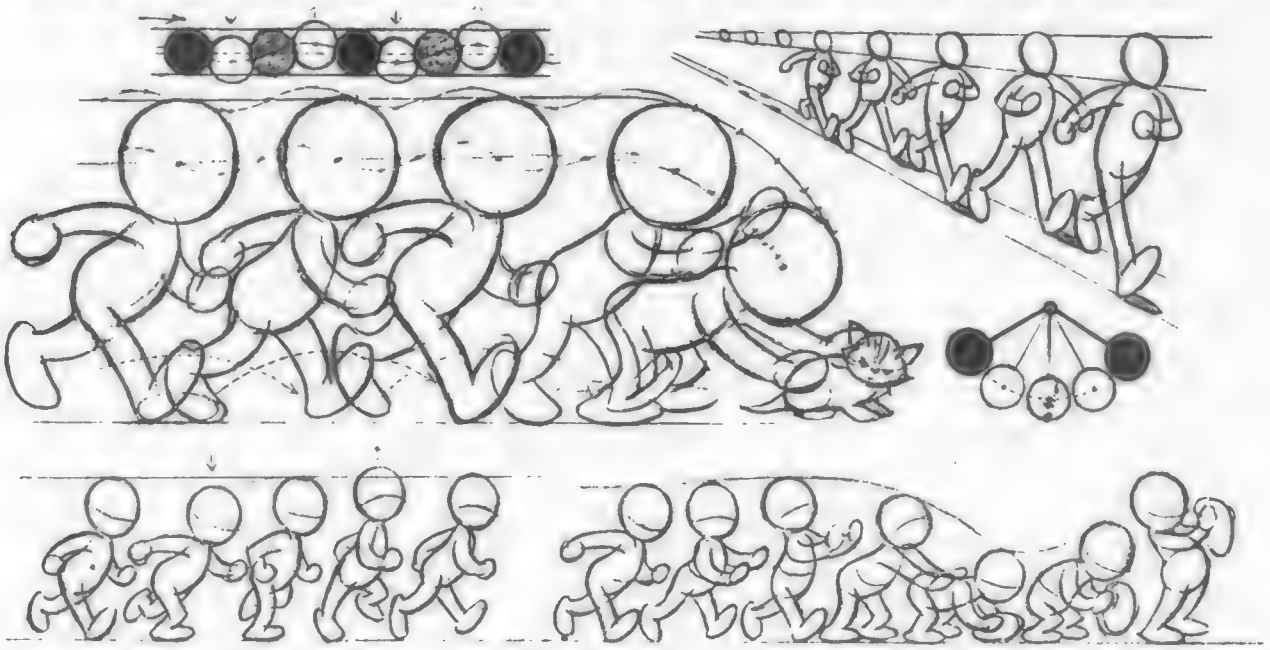
Making small thumbnail sketches of important poses brings out the over-all structure and appeal, makes for broader drawing and less attention to details



Key poses of a tiger action are from many trial sketches. But, these keys may be changed to fit the action as it evolves in animation.

© 1980 by Preston Blair and Walter Foster

ANIMATING WITH POSES-EXTREMES



There are two distinct methods of animating A third method combines the best features of each

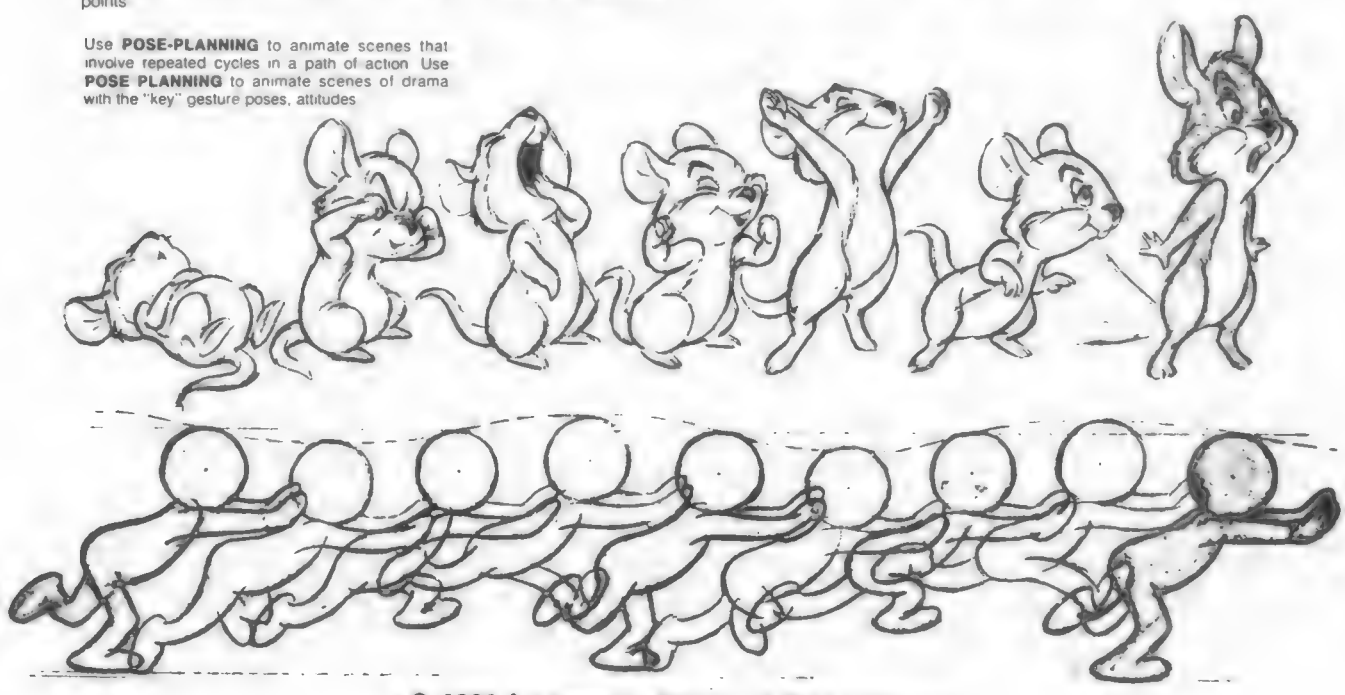
The original basic method is "straight-ahead." It is simply drawing one move directly after another in an evolving sequence of growth. A plant grows "straight-ahead." Drawing dots, one after another in a flip-book is "straight-ahead."

The second method is "pose-planning" as here illustrated. "Key-poses" (Like the mouse below) are first sketched that plan the "extreme" positions in an action These are carefully thought out in regard to the action, dramatic presentation, interpretation of mood, reinforcing the story, scene composition, and drawing points

The importance of the "extreme" drawing is best illustrated in pendulum action, which swings in "a path of action" between the "extremes." Such well defined actions that move in repetitious cycles, like walks and runs, are planned by first drawing "a path of action" according to perspective, and then drawing the same cycle drawing in the progressing positions. The remaining "inbetween" drawings are planned with spacing charts that also indicate the "arc" of the action. Such guides are placed by the animator on his "extremes" if other artists complete the scene. Animation between "extremes" is rough-in by the animator. The inbetweens can radically change an action, greatly improve it, or badly stunt it.

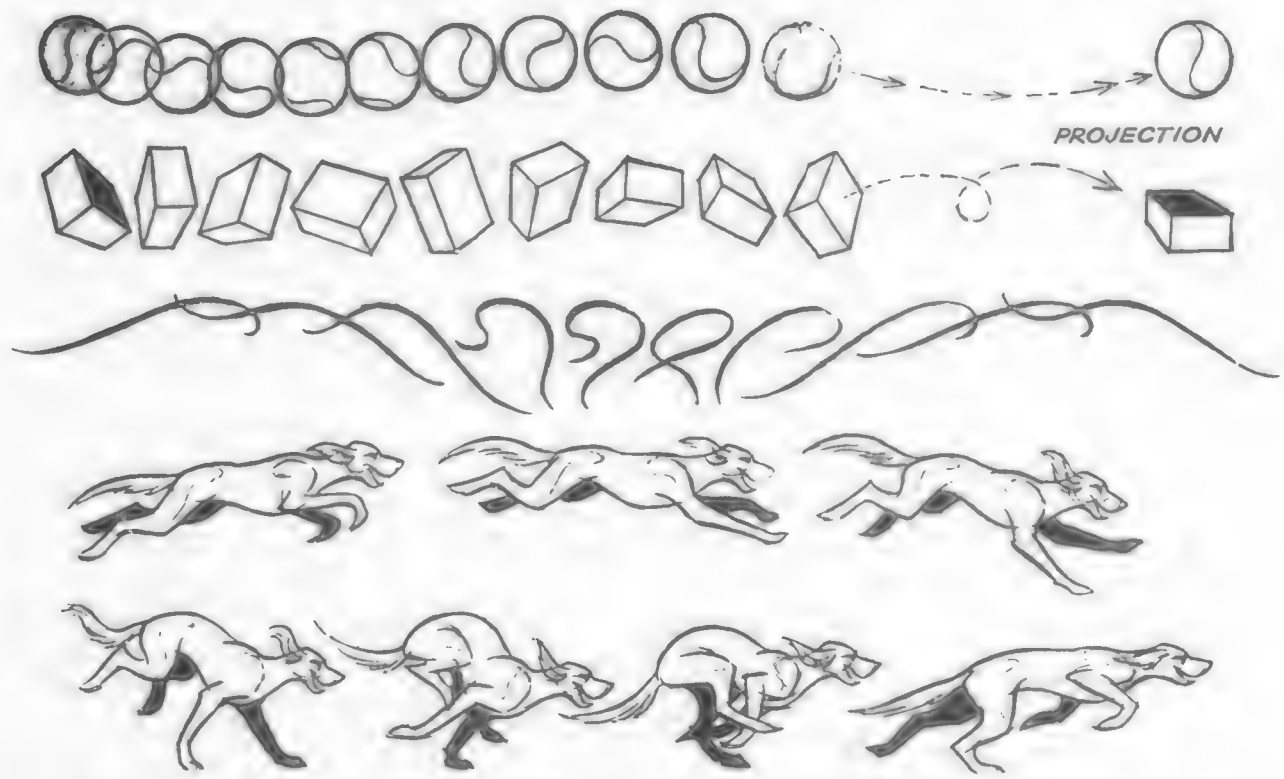
A character walks, above, for three steps and reaches down for a kitten. The foot-contact extremes are placed in a straight "path of action." In another way of "acting," the character starts his reach for the kitten as he walks in an overlapping action, anticipating by lifting his arms, head back. As arms reach out, head stays back in balance to thrust, and follows through later in an overlapping action as kitten is lifted. The later is a better animation job, but, the acting as it fits the mood and story is the essence, and there is a time and place for each approach. Pose planning is vital to acting scenes like the mouse below. Such scenes are based on the drama, gesture, or attitude of poses, and not action.

Use **POSE-PLANNING** to animate scenes that involve repeated cycles in a path of action Use **POSE PLANNING** to animate scenes of drama with the "key" gesture poses, attitudes



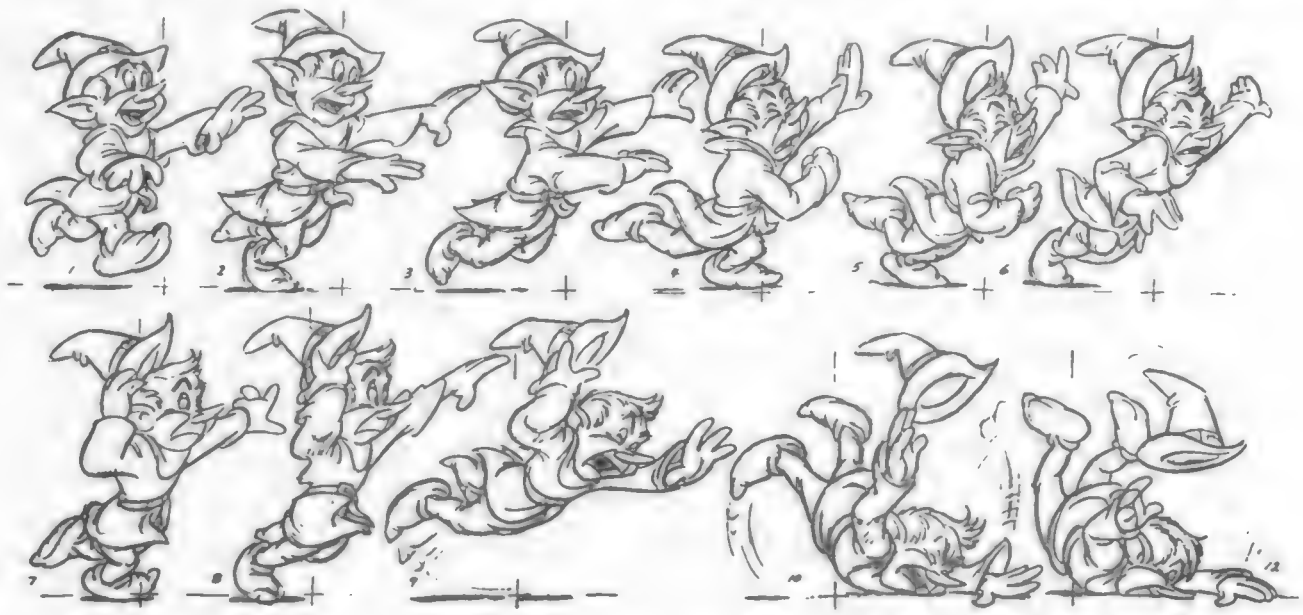
© 1980 by Preston Blair and Walter Foster

STRAIGHT-AHEAD + RHYTHM ANIMATION



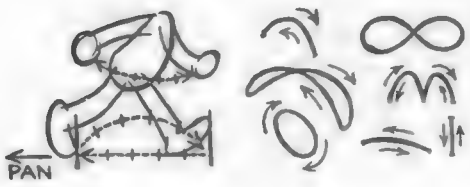
STRAIGHT-AHEAD ANIMATION or drawing each move from the start in a growth sequence is used for action involving rhythms in the character movements. There may be several overlapping secondary actions moving in a character, and each has a different timing and rhythm. These are started unevenly by turns, twists, and other body actions. They are impossible to pose-plan, and many are discovered as you animate straight-ahead. Start with a plan of action in mind, work with rough sketch-scribbles and rhythm lines, and aim for the sweep of the character. Have a model drawing on a paper slip to check sizes, and watch scene perspectives

A METHOD TO ANIMATE Visualize the entire scene with projection poses at the most important points. With these drawings as a guide make "paths of action" if practical. Then animate "straight-ahead" from the start toward the first pose. When you near this pose use it only as a guide, and do not work into it unless it fits the flowing rhythm progression of your action. Don't hesitate to revise. Discover improvements as you progress. Research the scene by acting before a mirror. Study live-action film research. Make thumbnail sketches. Then animate from your imagination, create. Roughly complete all drawings and make a film pencil-test



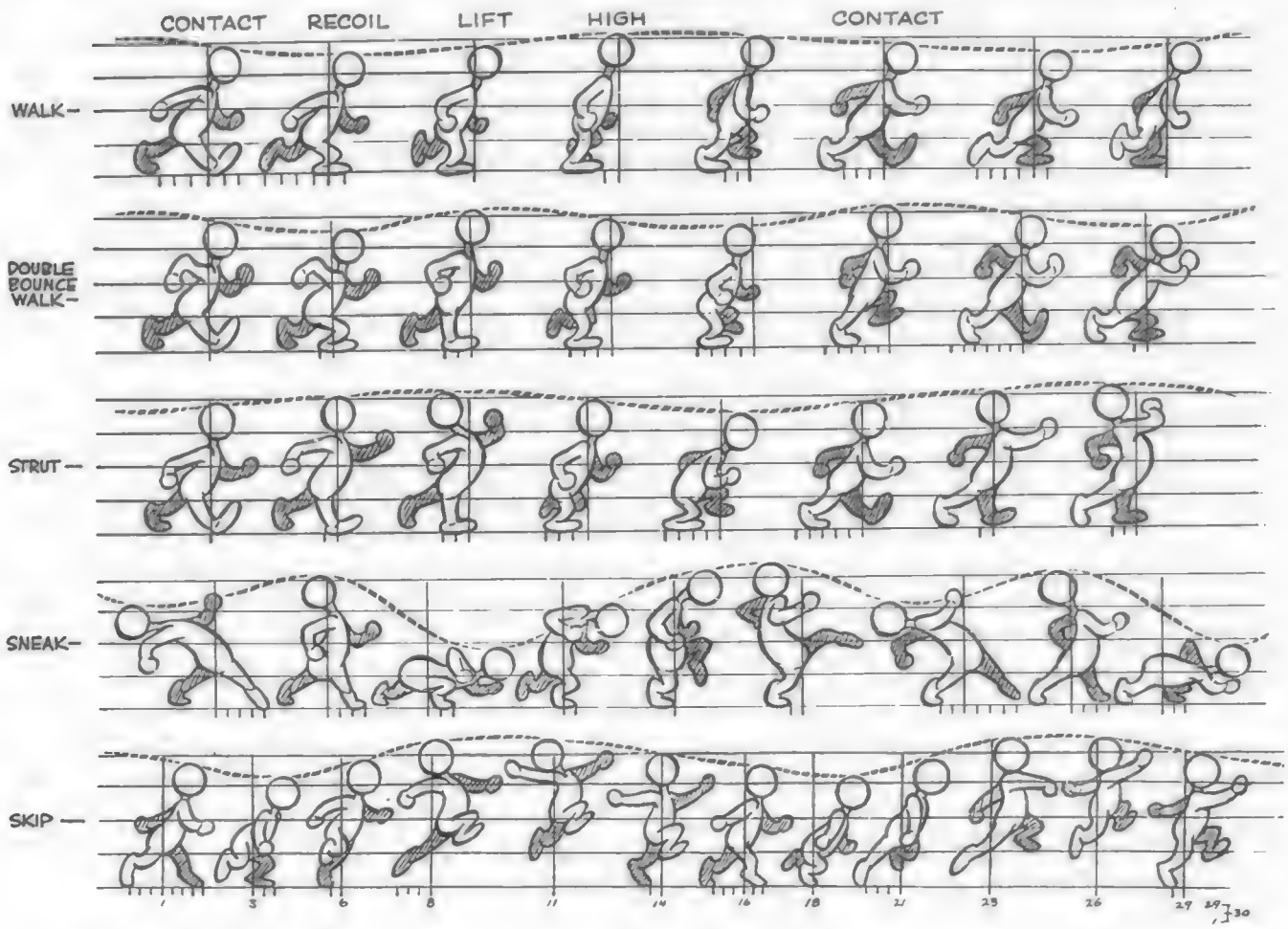
© 1980 by Preston Blair and Walter Foster

CYCLES – PLANNED ANIMATION



These **CYCLES** are from my other book in the Foster series **"ANIMATION" #26.** On a pan scene the foot when placed on the ground moves with the pan moves as those indicated below. These moves are related below to a stationary center line. The body and all the parts move in paths of action and here are usual patterns. The action can move in either direction. As in life, cycles have countless variations. Exaggerate or subdue any position or move.

Never move a character without acting meaning. Bring out a gesture, mannerism, or story mood in every cycle. On page 30 two cycles below are combined in a double-bounce-strut. Notice the cocky gesture at high points. It is readable because it is a series of closely related drawings. Then, no time is lost in going to opposite step gesture. Funny walks can make a film. Girls move with a distinctive arm-body mannerism. See the run cycle on the back cover.



PLANNED ANIMATION is a system of combining animation methods and planning the re-use of this art work in many scenes. It is used to produce the considerable film footage of TV cartoon series. A change of pace results from the use of full animation in critical actions of the story, and the use of limited animation in dialogue with bursts of full animation for important gestures. Animation, backgrounds with overlay backgrounds, and camera fields and trucks are planned for use in many combinations. This production work thus gets much more "mileage." So, plan your film.

CYCLE ANIMATION as the above can be put on long cels that allow 12" on each side of the drawing. Such animation can be used as above in the field center with a moving pan as the background. The same cels placed on moving pegs can move the character through a still background scene. Or the same cels can walk into another background, stay centered as the background moves, and then move out when the background stops. And, on the three other cel levels in the animation scene, other cycle-characters can move at a different speed, in any direction; and plus camera moves.

LIMITED ANIMATION is based on dividing a character into as many as four cel levels; and a dialogue system as illustrated. It is especially adaptable to the type of character on the other page. The dialogue system often is more elaborate, as 7 heads up-down, and 7 heads in a sideways move, all around a centered head. Laughs and giggles are often animated by a laughing evenly-spaced up-down series of such heads in a stagger-timing on the exposure sheet. Dialogue head-series can be fitted to a body cycle walking on a pan background. A bottom peg camera device moves the pegs up-down to fit the walking action. (Note body action peg-holes are adjusted.) Heads can fit characters in a vehicle on a pan; and, this entire action bounces on the rough road using the same device attached to the bottom peg bar. Such mechanics are endless.

ANIMATED CUT-OUTS can be added to full or limited animation cels. After the cel is placed on camera, the cutout is placed over or under the cel according to a few dot guides on cel. For example: An elaborate line-engraving of an antique auto is cutout and placed under a series of cels that animate the wheel action, dust, smoke and characters seated in the auto.

© 1980 by Preston Blair and Walter Foster

Zim Autobiography © Horseheads Historical Society

Exclusive

ZIM AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In the second installment of Zim's Autobiography, in our Issue #49 for March, the famous Judge cartoonist told some of his experiences in the bakery where he and his father worked. Then, on a beautiful midsummer's day at the age of twelve, he said he suddenly wearied of the bakery with its cloying aroma of cakes and pies, and found himself a job as a chore boy, and a home with a farmer near Paterson, New Jersey. At one point in his career on the farm, Zim assisted the farmer with his job as a part-time fish peddler. As we begin this third installment, he puts in a short stint looking after some mules, and then gets a job with a wine-and-beer merchant.

Chapter 4

The moral of all this is that kind words speak louder and leave a stronger impression on the youthful mind than a box on the ear. Had Mrs. Marshall taken the former course I might have continued to peddle sea food to this very day, becoming an influential fishmonger instead of pushing the pencil over bristol-board for a livelihood.

One week's experience tending mules in a cotton mill was sufficient to satisfy me that the Lord never intended me for a hostler. I had heard that boys of my age were earning as high as six dollars a week in that occupation. I had tended horses on the farm but as for mules I admit I was a bit green. However, I was weary of the bakery and desired another change, so I ventured into a mill office and made my wishes known.

"I'll give you $3.50 a week to take care of mules," said a burly foreman, and I accepted. He thrust a bunch of wiping waste into my palm, directing me to lie on my back beneath the machines and wipe up the grease that had slobbered over them. I demurred, on the ground that I had been hired to look after the mules, whereupon the foreman grinned, eyed me from head to foot and then exploded:

"I'm a simple son of a sea cook! Is it possible there's such damn' fools in the world as can't tell a mule when he sees one? Them's mules, yuh idiot," he added, pointing to the greasy machines filled with whirring bobbins which moved back and forth on light trackage. 'Git busy er out yuh go!"

I remained there exactly one week, collected $3.50. Once more I chose the dusty flour and sour-smelling yeast tubs of the bake-shop. However, the breadstuffs industry held no glamour, so I soon drifted away again. This time I went to Haledon, another suburb of Paterson, where I hired out to George Spangenmacher—"Spangle-Banner—" a wine-and-beer merchant. His place of business was a very orderly saloon and billiard room in the old Arcade Building on Ellison Street. Attached to his home was considerable farm land, together with a limited number of pigs, horses, cattle, chickens, ducks, geese and bees. The place was enveloped in an atmosphere of rural luxury. On account of my experience as a chore boy I fell into it quite naturally.

When farm work was slack I was obliged to help in the wine establishment—washing bottles and steins, bottling wine and delivering some to the houses of customers. Among the important lessons I learned was business deception. When a keg was not emptied before closing hour it was condemned as too stale to serve over our bar, so by adding a pinch of powdered sugar to each bottle, wiring the corks securely and placing fancy labels on them, we served the best home trade at fifteen dollars a dozen—a fancy price in those days. Although constantly in the midst of wines and beers and other liquors, I had no desire to avail myself of them. In fact, I experienced a keen dislike for such beverages. Those were days when bar-rooms were palaces and one was not regarded as a vile sinner for entering them. Often I toiled till closing time, midnight, then drove home with Mr. Spangenmacher and returned again at six o'clock the next morning. An undated letter to my brother Adolph, which I wrote in 1876, follows:

Dear Brother:

You must excuse me for Disappointing you in writing as I had no time. I am working out in the farm now and we half to work from 5 O'clk in the morning until 10 and 11 O'clk at night and then i feel so tired out that I can not write. I have Received 1 letter before this one father told me to write but I had no time we have summer Boarder's from New York about 25 or more.

Your's truly,
Eug. Zimmerman

Other letters I wrote to Adolph indicate that father was having hard sledding on about twelve dollars a week, occasionally being out of a job. My correspondence faithfully chronicled the news of each much-needed article of clothing which he purchased for himself or his two sons. My brother must have given more trouble than I did, for dad frequently was obliged to

send money to Adolph, whereas I contributed a little now and then toward his support.

My life on the farm was as close to nature as the climate would permit, sleeping in the barn with the farmhand and the horses during warm weather and on a corn-husk mattress in the winter. I dined at the second table upon food that was often cold and lacking in quality. Nevertheless, the hired man was a dear old fellow of about seventy summers who looked after my interests. When milking time came around I could depend upon a liberal draught of the warm lactic fluid, besides having access to the honeycombs stored in the cellar and the fruits of the orchard. I dwelt, therefore, in "a land flowing with milk and honey," as the Bible says, just as my previous existence had been Biblical in another sense; I distributed loaves and fishes like the fellow in the parable.

I am glad I lived in that more or less primitive period before the charms of farming were dulled by modern science, for I believe those were the happiest of all my days. One of my joys was the collecting of eggs from the various love nests. It was an every-day function that had to be attended to regularly in order to keep the hens on their behavior and discourage them from setting. Hens are notional in that respect. If eggs are allowed to accumulate in the nest the producer of those eggs is apt to decide to start her annual housekeeping and go brooding; so I was very methodical in gathering the hen fruit.

Ofttimes a hen might have arisen late and been delayed in her domestic affairs. During those anxious moments of expectancy I refrained from disturbing the patient, but listened with keen interest outside the maternity chamber for the thump of the egg and the hen's cackled announcement of the new arrival.

Being a future cartoonist (although I didn't know it then), I was always bubbling over with exaggerated ideas which appeared to other minds as positively absurd; nevertheless, some of them have since matured and are now being employed with profitable results.

For example: Fifteen or twenty years ago I penned a rather ridiculous treatise on the hen and her output, for *Cartoons Magazine* of Chicago, in which I advocated the use of mirrors and electric lights in hen coops to speed up the laying and thus get more work out of the hens by supplying artificial daylight.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DEM

Trying to reincarnate the old racing-mule with "polit

RATIC PARTY.

Rural papers copied that article and, to my surprise, farmers took the idea seriously; a multitude of hen-coops that formerly were shrouded in darkness at night are now illuminated, which is said to have increased the output of eggs in those coops.

The mirrors have not yet been installed, it being argued that where hens are numerous the looking-glasses would give the cavie a crowded appearance, thus embarrassing the female *Gallinae* who prefer privacy in their delicate occupation. However, where only a few hens are housed under the same roof they may be relieved of loneliness by the introduction of mirrors set against the wall. What the radio will do for the future of hendom I leave to a better brain than mine to forecast.

All in all, I fared pretty well in the wine merchant's employ but Destiny was grooming me for a less bucolic job. One afternoon while I was washing bottles the startling cry of "fire" rang out. Smoke was pouring from the cellarway. We saw at once that the place was doomed, for we had no means of subduing the flames until the Volunteer Fire Department could arrive. It gave me quite a thrill, for there was only one exit and the blaze originated beneath that lone exit; I escaped by dashing madly upstairs through the smoke and flames. The fire lasted a night and a day, consuming in addition to the wine establishment, a large grocery, a furniture store and factory.

In course of time the fire damage was repaired and I set to work lettering my employer's name and business on the new windows of the wineshop. A passing sign painter, William P. Brassington, attracted by the youthful artist (meaning me) who was putting on gold leaf in a murderous fashion, stopped in to question me. He desired to know if I had ever thought of entering a sign-shop to learn the trade and offered me an apprenticeship. Not being bound to the wine merchant by unbreakable ties of affection, I accepted Brassington's offer and eagerly launched into a connection destined to last for three years.

Whether "Spangle-Banner" regarded my departure as a loss or gain to the place I have never fully determined, but I do know that I retired from the liquor traffic with colors flying, long before Carrie Nation started on her famous hatchet crusade and nearly half a century ahead of the Volstead Act! ●

Jack Markow by Ida Libby Dengrove, artist-reporter

by JACK MARKOW

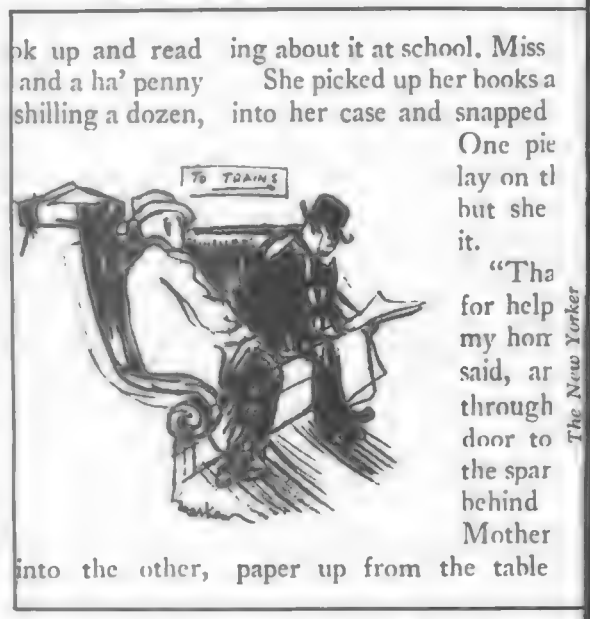
Sketching is a fine asset possessed by most artists. Art classes churn out masses of quick studies of models. Further, students are urged to draw, draw, draw—to carry sketch books, ever on-the-mark to record the cast of characters and the stirring scenes which surround them. You may have observed these art buffs in subways, buses, restaurants, theatres, at the zoo or beach, pencil or felt pen poised, frantically trying to "catch" a character before the sudden turn of a head or twist of position. These jottings must of course be made furtively; no sense in attracting an audience at this stage of the game. And above all, the unwitting subject of all this must remain unwitting; otherwise, he may either assume a stilted self-conscious pose or commit mayhem.

In my youth, a short period of art study in Paris set me off on a sketching spree. Making notations (from afar) of the inevitable fishermen along the Seine and of inanimate cathedrals and the Parisian bridges posed no problem. However I spotted a lushly-bearded gendarme resting on a park bench. A real character, I thought (at that time most of the U.S.A. male population was beardless). Great local color! I found what I believed was a hidden spot and merrily sketched away. The cop was cooperative seldom shifting position. Suddenly he jumped up, approached me glowering and shouting fast French (much beyond my six-weeks' Berlitz). All I could make out was "Américain! Américain!" Surely the Bastille for me, I thought. He grabbed my sketch pad, ripped out the pages containing my impressions of him and stalked away still screaming. Was he really mad? Or, my immodest speculation: With the French traditional love of art, was this his cunning way of picking up a few masterpieces for free?

One cannot be too careful at times. A fine-artist friend of mine was "on location" blissfully completing a water color of a pastoral Long Island scene when he was picked up by the authorities. It was one of those periods of war hysteria and he was pegged as a spy. There happened to be a couple of small factories in the area—but well outside even his peripheral vision. Besides, he was concentrating on a group of cows with a few hogs thrown in. Case dismissed when it was apparent that he was not concocting blue prints.

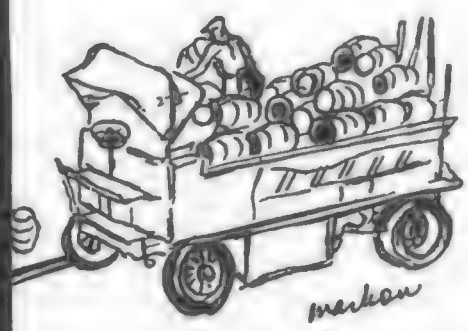
An art professor once dreamed up the idea of something which I believe was called "blind sketching". This scheme consisted of keeping a small pad in one's pocket—any convenient pocket, it did not matter, except a lefty would naturally stash it on his left side—vice versa for a righty. With pencil in hand concealed in that important pocket, the artist would record the types around him. Nicely hidden sketching and snoop-free except that one with a discerning eye might notice an occasional itch or twitch on the artist's part. This is no doubt good training of a sort. I've never seen the results nor would I care to see them.

In an earlier and happier time I roamed the streets of New York at all hours day and night, in crowded as well as deserted places, recording in pencil and in pen and ink quick impressions of that wonderful city. Some of these sketches, used as spots, went without revision directly from the sketch book to the pages of *The New Yorker* and other magazines. An artist today indulging in this sport might win the award of Muggee of the Year.



Sketchbook stuff used by The New Yorker for spots.

Sketching Power



The New Yorker

Done with fountain pen

The sketch from life can stand by itself as a piece of graphic art such as those sometimes used by *The New Yorker*. This magazine was one of the first to recognize the quality of directness, quick impression and lack of inhibition inherent in these works. After the artist completes his student and apprentice stage he will suitably tailor his quick-drawing training to his eventual specialty. The easel painter and the muralist make detailed sketches which can be incorporated into the grand concept of their larger, more finished works. Likewise, the etcher and lithographer make their notations here and there as an aid to the authenticity of their completed print. After all, who ever heard of a lithographer lugging a forty-pound stone out in the middle of a street to directly capture a street scene? I did it once, but never again. I also spent an entire week in a burlesque house researching material for a print. I picked up some good sketches but at the end of this stint, I knew the "actors'" lines so well I could have been hired as anybody's understudy (at least, *almost* anybody).

The illustrator will also use research material—sometimes aided by photographs and, in other instances, doing on the scene sketches. As for the cartoonist, should his style be semi-realistic and aimed at a magazine like *The New Yorker* with its demands for credibility he may occasionally be forced to forsake the comfort of his studio and take to the streets seeking the apt background or foreground for a particular cartoon.

Then there is the area of sketching for fun. The practised artist can create superior, sophisticated doodles. When artists get together at meetings, in restaurants, and on other occasions they doodle and scribble using any surface at hand—match books, napkins, tablecloths. These free-wheeling sketches are usually portraits of fellow artists. Painters like Picasso have left a legacy of fine cartoon-like drawings and caricatures.

The skill and versatility of the cartoonist has led him into diverse areas of sketching—not only for fun but also for money. Witness the professional fast sketchers who grind out funny faces at banquets, conventions and other gatherings for pay. In the field of social services quick-drawing is a tremendous asset. There are fund-raising activities sponsored by the cartoon societies where caricatures are executed in bank lobbies and other public places. The Cartoonists Guild has used their members' talents in book stores to promote two cartoon collections it has compiled; it has also employed sketching entertainment at symposiums it has sponsored. The National Cartoonists Society has a multiple sketching feature at its annual Sports Night. And not to be forgotten in the special services department is this organization's tie-in with the U.S.O. over the years—enabling teams of cartoonists to perform, to visit with, and to produce caricature-portraits of service men in various war areas. Note that, by this time, the mature sketcher has abandoned his furtive sketching and has gone public—an entertainer and exhibitionist. The grandest display of free-wheeling drawing occurred at one of Fred Waring's annual picnics given for members of the N.C.S. After dinner, the hundred-plus cartoonists were given paper and pencil and as a gesture of gratitude to their host dashed out caricatures of Fred. Waring posed very

"Strip Girl"—Lithograph by Jack Markow(In permanent collection of the New Jersey State Museum).

nicely. The entire procedure took about ten minutes. What facility and what a collection! And probably the biggest draw-in in history.

What brought on this brainstorm about sketching was a recent news item predicting the demise of courtroom drawing—a profession which not so long ago has been on the upswing. Journalistic art which includes court reporting is, of course, not new. In the days of slow-speed cumbersome cameras, photos were a drag on quick reporting. Graphics for news media consisted solely of drawings. The artists were a talented crew able to work fast enough to meet immediate deadlines and also capable of providing finished scenes for national archives. The Civil War had its own corps of artists including Winslow Homer, later known for his water colors, and Thomas Nast, destined to be one of the world's best political cartoonists—both representing *Harper's Weekly.* Other famous painters who were artist-reporters were John Sloan, William Glackens, George Luks, and Everett Shinn; they were employed by eastern newspapers at the turn of the century and were seen at all action spots—floods, riots, fires, conventions, trials—busily whipping out sketches. Wars in particular brought special assignments to artists. The cameras were doing their job by 1917 and the first World War; nevertheless, artists were sent to battlefields for a more personal record of events. The government had its official sketch men (attached to the Engineer Reserve Corps), illustrators like Wallace Morgan and Harvey Dunn; also many publications commissioned artists for on-the-scene sketching. Some ended up on the front lines and had to devise portable studios. Harvey Dunn, for example, drew on a specially designed box with rollers; a flip of the roller wound up a completed sketch leaving a fresh blank surface of paper. Magazines, newspapers, syndicates, and government agencies continued to sponsor artist-correspondents in succeeding conflicts. One of the most active was cartoonist-illustrator-painter-writer John Groth who covered World War II, the Korean War, and Vietnam with further assignments in Russia, Mexico, India, Pakistan, Turkey, Morocco, and other trouble spots. While our fine cameras have mostly taken over pictorial reporting of the domestic scene, coverage in sketch form of specialties such as Sports is done on occasion. Variety of presentation is the factor as indicated by the newspaper *PM* of the Forties. Although a

tabloid with emphasis on photography, it assigned many artists on sketch-reporting stints around the town. I was lucky enough to get in on some of these free-lance assignments covering such spots as the Fulton Fish Market and an enormous pool parlor on the East Side where billiard tournaments were held.

In 1935, when cameras and microphones were banned from courtrooms due to the chaos of the Lindbergh baby kidnapping and murder trial, sketch artists acquired a monopoly on courtroom graphics. This craft reached its peak about a decade ago because of the natural needs of television for pictorial effects. Many artists experienced in drawing for magazines and newspapers adapted quickly to TV. Their sketches seen on the home screen reached an audience surpassing, by far, any involved in the print media. Their drawings plus artist-credit flashes provided a fine showcase for the courtroom artist. Some years ago, during an interview for *Writer's Digest* with one of the leading sketch-reporters—Ida Libby Dengrove—I asked her, "How does one become a courtroom artist?" Her answer, "Early and continued training." She was enrolled at Philadelphia's Graphic Sketch Club at the age of six! Further education at the Moore College of Art and classes taught by illustrators George Harding and Earl Horter led to World War II sketching at the Stage Door Canteen and on USO camp tours. Sketching became a compulsion and habit (in fact, she was sketching me during the interview). She went to see N.B.C.'s news producer with some of her drawings. He was impressed with an on-the-spot sketch she did of his secretary and hired her as official artist-correspondent for the network. Since then Dengrove has covered all the important trials in the New York area and has won an Emmy award as has her colleague Aggie Whelan of A.B.C.

A call to action may come at any time; when it comes she gets to the courthouse armed with her police and press cards, a handful of art materials and sometimes a small package of lunch. Artist-reporters rate prime seats at trials with, naturally, an unobstructed view. The artists from the networks and some from local stations spread their working tools usually on a common, long table. Dengrove works with a minimum of materials—pastel sticks and pencils on a smooth pad. The color is sometimes rubbed in with paper stumps giving her drawing a realistic and solid touch—and as she says, a more finished look than most of the work done by her colleagues. Each of the latter has his or her own approach to the subject—sketchy, or more or less exaggerated—and materials vary from large pads and large pastels to a smaller format using felt pens and water colors. A day's work for Dengrove consists of six to eight sketches sometimes completed in an hour and a half. The drawing is direct, the deadline early afternoon leaving little time for additions and retouching. Judging from her enthusiasm at our interview, she thoroughly enjoys these assignments, feeling that she's "in the swing of things"—a spectator and also a part of a continuing drama. Talks with lawyers and other court personnel are also enlightening. Qualifications for courtroom sketching? Dengrove thinks an artist is born with this particular talent. "Artists can be objective where the cameras can't. We can feel character and put it across better. We can project personalities and in our sketch, can get more of the feeling of what's happening in court than a photo ever could".

We hope the above quote will have a positive effect on the uncertain future of courtroom sketching. The worry of the artists involved is that on January 26, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a rule adopted two years ago by the Florida Supreme Court allowing still and television cameras back into the courtroom. At present, the laws of 12 states allow film and audio coverage of trials, and 14 more states are experimenting with camera coverage. The artists fear that other states will follow suit and that their craft (one that can bring in anywhere from $40,000 to $80,000 a year) will soon fall by the wayside. This writer, for one, hopes for a reprieve. A mix of photographs and drawing can be exciting and offers great variety in reporting. ●

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

WILLARD MULLIN SPORTS CARTOONS, JUNE EXHIBITION AT MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART.

The Museum of Cartoon Art is proud to announce an exhibition of the cartoon artwork of Willard Harlan Mullin (1902 - 1978). Willard Mullin is universally acknowledged as the Dean of American Sports Cartoonists. Best known for his portrayal of "The Brooklyn Bum," a whimsical characterization of the old Brooklyn Dodgers, Mullin spent the bulk of his career as the sports cartoonist for the WORLD TELEGRAM in New York. The exhibit of original sports cartoons will begin at the Museum of Cartoon Art on June 7th and run for several months.

Willard Mullin was born in Ohio in 1902 and grew up in Los Angeles where he got his first art job as a sign letterer in 1920. In 1923 he began his career as a cartoonist for the LOS ANGELES HERALD. After short stints cartooning for the San Antonio and Fort Worth, Texas papers, he came to New York City where, after a year, he became the sports cartoonist for the WORLD TELEGRAM. It was during his career with that paper that Mullin created his immortal "Brooklyn Bum."

After the closing of the WORLD TELEGRAM in 1966, Mullin continued his cartoon work, doing freelance illustrations for a variety of publications, including LOOK, LIFE, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, TIME, NEWSWEEK and others. He died of cancer in December, 1978. Mullin had received many awards for his cartoon artwork including the Reuben Award, the most prestigious award of the National Cartoonists Society, for best cartoonist of the year.

Willard Mullin self-caricature

The Museum of Cartoon Art is open Tuesday through Friday from 10:00 to 4:00 and Sunday from 1:00 to 5:00. Admission is $1 adults, 50¢ children and senior citizens. It is located on Comly Avenue, one mile south of the King Street/Port Chester exit off of the Hutchinson River/Merritt Parkway. For more information, call (914) 939-0234.

Willard Mullin

THOSE WHO LEAN TO THE SCHOOL OF THOUGHT WHICH BELIEVES, BEFORE THE DODGERS SEE A YANKEE UNIFORM THEY SHOULD SEE A PSYCHIATRIST, ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE CONVINCED THAT ISN'T JUST A GAG...
DON'T YEZ B'LIEVE IT! THEY AIN'T NOT A WOID UH TROOT' IN IT!

1955 Dodger–Yankee World Series

Mort Drucker

Jack Davis

©E.C. Publications Inc.

Famous MAD magazine personalities who appeared at the opening of the Museum MAD exhibit.

Associate Editor Nick Meglin, Bob Clarke

© Frank Ledermann, Upstairs Photography Studio, Pelham, N.Y.

FOURTH ANNUAL CHILDRENS CARTOON CONTEST TO BE HELD AT THE MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

The Museum of Cartoon Art is proud to announce the beginning of its fourth annual children's cartoon contest. There will be cash prizes for first, second and third place drawings in each of the four age groups. Honorable Mention drawings will go on display at the Museum with the age group winners in the beginning of July and will remain on display through August.

The rules and restrictions for the contest are as follows:

1. All entries must be delivered to the Museum or postmarked before 4:00 pm, Friday, June 19th.
2. They must be original cartoon drawings in black and white or color, and may not exceed 10" x 14" in size. The drawings must be on one sheet of paper only. Only one entry per child.
3. Drawings must have the name, address, phone number and age of the contestant printed legibly on the back.
4. Prizes will be $15.00 for first place, $10.00 for second and $5.00 for third in each of these age groups: 17 and under, 14 and under, 11 and under, and 8 and under. Honorable Mention winners will go on display but will not receive cash awards.
5. All entries become part of the Museum's permanent collection and *can not* be returned.

A panel of top professional cartoonists will make the selections of the winners. Winners will be notified by phone and will receive their awards at 3:00 on Sunday, July 5th.

Entries sent by mail should be addressed to: The Museum of Cartoon Art, Comly Avenue, Port Chester, New York 10573.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Nancy Beiman donated one animation cel and ten preliminary sketches from the "Gnomes" TV Special.

Perrot Memorial Library donated 13 books of cartoon collections by cartoonists such as Thurber, Addams and Gluyas Williams.

Alfred Ordover donated a large, unique cartoon illustration with drawings by Geo. McManus, Geo. Baker, Lank Leonard R. Van Buren and others.

Frank Johnson donated one "Bringing Up Father" original by Kavana gh and Johnson.

Walter Kraft donated three collections of Norris cartoons from the VANCOUVER SUN.

Roger Armstrong donated two "Napoleon" dailies by McBride, two "Napoleon" dailies by Armstrong and three "Ella Cinder" originals by Armstrong.

Jim Ivey donated 22 editorial cartoons, three panel cartoons and three animation cels, all originals.

Eric Gurney donated ten color posters of "Guess Who's Not Coming to Dinner."

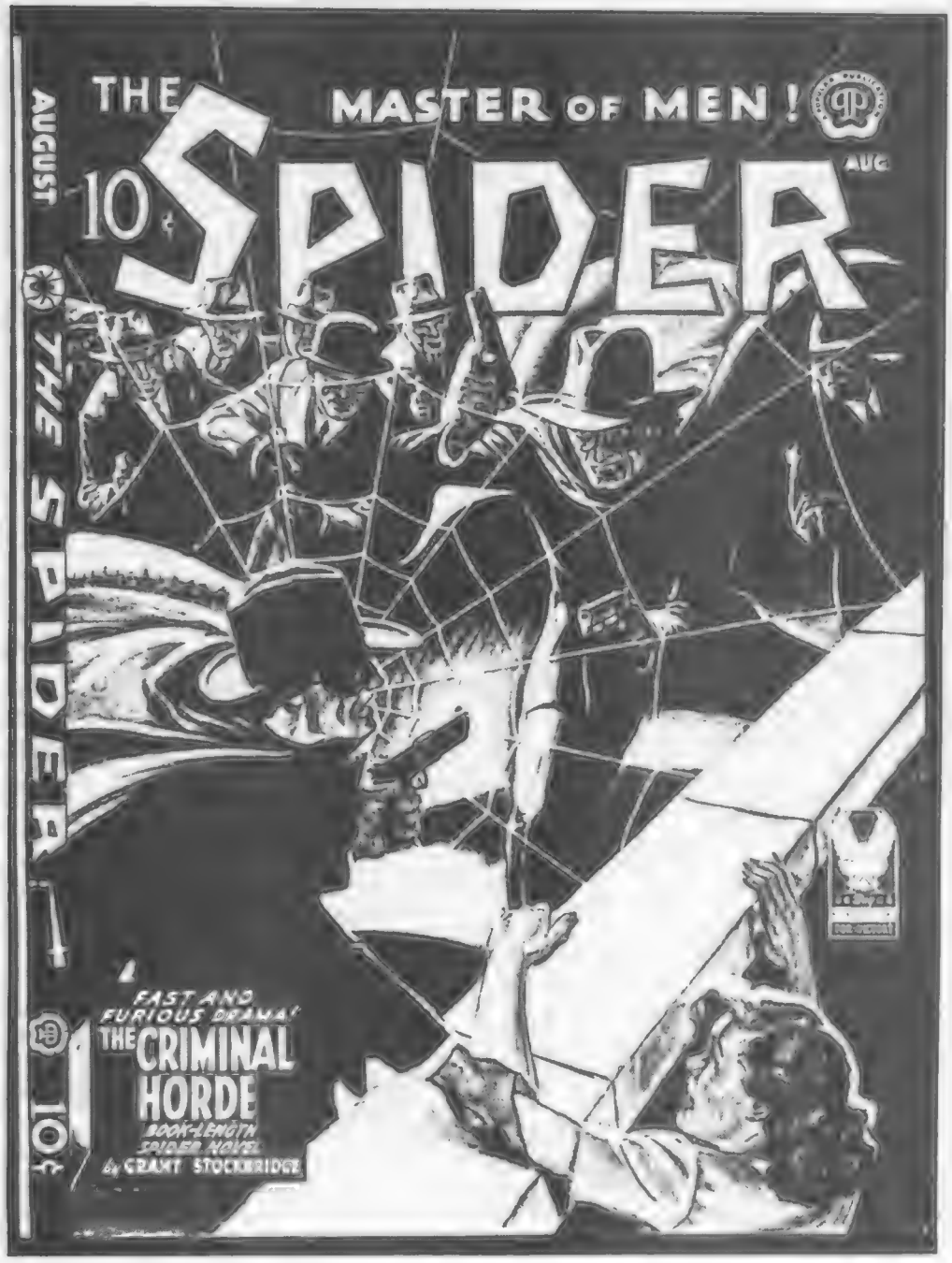
Dominick Guglielmo donated a collection of 1,500 comic books in memory of Anthony F. Cacciotti.

Toni Mendez donated a copy of DICTIONARY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS and galley proofs of the same, by Mel Calman.

The Ideal Toy Corporation donated 22 Disney and Peanuts toys for the Museum's toy exhibit.

The Museum thanks these generous contributors for their strong, continued support without which the Museum could not survive.

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART



Dean of PULP COVER ARTISTS!

An Interview with **Rafael de Soto** by Jerry De Fuccio

Many cartoonists tell us of their great interest in some of the early pulp cover artists whose techniques were carried over into the comic book field. With this in mind, we present here an interview with RAFAEL de SOTO, whom Jerry De Fuccio calls 'The Dean of Pulp Cover Artists'. As most of our readers know, Jerry is the former Associate Editor of MAD magazine, whose articles have been a frequent feature in CARTOONIST PROfiles.

Q: Where were you born, Rafael?

A: I was born in Spain, transported to Puerto Rico when I was seven years old. You won't believe my age; seventy-seven and still going strong. My father was in banking and he opened a branch in San Juan. I went to high school in Puerto Rico and I decided to attend Columbia University for my Bachelor's Degree; intending to be an architect. Though I liked art, myself, my father was a very practical man and believed no one could make a living at it. He said I'd starve. He was very much against it, so I resigned myself to architecture.

Q: Your family remained in Puerto Rico and you came to New York City?

A: Yes, I came here all alone and when my family lost everything in the Depression, I couldn't continue my studies. I took my Bachelor's Degree but couldn't go on to my Master's. And I hadn't had any art education whatsoever. The only work I could find was pen and ink drawings. I had a girlfriend who was doing pen and ink drawings for Street & Smith Publications. She suggested I go there for work, and I did. At that time there was an Art Director named Mr. Hines, who was a very old man. He was blind as a bat. He looked at my drawings and his eyes must have been real bad because he was holding one of them upside-down. But he OK'd my drawings. He asked his assistant, Bill Lowery, to give me some work and I kept doing interior drawings for Top-Notch Magazine and *that* was my first schooling in art. I kept drawing for almost two years, then decided to try something in *color*. I made a cover of two detectives examining the floor, but I got cold feet when I saw the paintings that were hanging on the reception room walls; done by famous artists like Harvey Dunn, N.C. Wyeth, Harold Von Schmidt, and Dean Cornwell. I said to myself, a little fellow coming from another country, competing with these fellows, impossible! So I made a quick sketch of my finished cover and went inside with only the pencil sketch. They told me, "Go ahead and do it! Let's see what you can do!" So I went outside for my already painted cover and

Rafael de Soto

went back in again, in about a half-hour's time. When Mr. Hines saw it he said, "How long does it take you to make a cover, young man?" He had a good laugh and that was my introduction to pulp covers. The year was 1932. Then, I wanted to do a western cover. I never had experience with western paintings . . . my early cowboys looked like gauchos.

Q: What was your frequency in turning out covers?

A: I did one a month, at first. I quit the pen and inks and lived on that monthly sale. Well, I was alone and I was frugal.

Q: What was the pay scale at that time?

A: Something like seventy-five dollars or eighty dollars. I worked for Street & Smith for about five years, then I went to the competitors. I went to Thrilling Publications, in 1937-1938. The Publisher, Ned Pines, kept me going for some time and the pay was a little better. I think I got about a hundred, hundred and twenty-five, for each title, something like that. Pines was a strange man, he never wanted to see the artist. I think it was a come-down to him to have an artist in his office. Once, I met him on the street. I told him I was de Soto and he nodded; yes, he knew my work. I didn't care, as long as he bought my paintings. Then after Pines, I went to several others and Ace Publications.

Q: That was owned by Wynn. Did he see you personally?

A: Yes, as a matter of fact, he was glad when I came to see him as the Art Director, Gardner, was new and Wynn wanted to help him out by seeing me personally. I worked for Gardner and then I went back to Pines and Thrilling. But I stopped Street & Smith completely because I didn't think Bill Lowery was too keen on me. He was present when Mr. Hines held my drawing upside-down and said, "Very good, very good!"

Then I went to Popular Publications, Mr. Steeger, and stayed there for sixteen or seventeen years. At that time, Walter Baumhofer was kingpin there, he was doing *everything*. Tom Lovell was doing all the Detective Tales covers. Lovell got a little too good and went into advertising. When he quit Popular, they ushered me in, in his place. Actually, I was doing work for Popular, Ace and Pines, at the same time. I really was busy in those days!

Q: But your longest affiliation was with Popular?

A: Yes, sixteen years. I sometimes did two covers a week for that outfit; delivered them while the paint was still wet. Especially when I only had to do heads. I could paint one of those in a few hours, but I never told them. Else, they wouldn't think they were getting their money's worth.

Q: Did you always bring in rough sketches and have them approved?

A: That was a problem in the beginning. They always gave me a synopsis of the story but I never saw much there to make a cover. I had a tough time. I was making roughs, roughs, and more roughs. They didn't care for them. I suggested that they let me do my own ideas, independent of the printed matter in the issue. Sure enough they liked what evolved, on my own, and it became my regular procedure. But none of the writers liked me. I wasn't following their story. Soon, I became so established creating my own cover ideas, they asked the authors to write stories based on my covers. The writers hated me that much more! It was hard for me to think of what to paint but at least it had impact, an independent situation that was good for a cover.

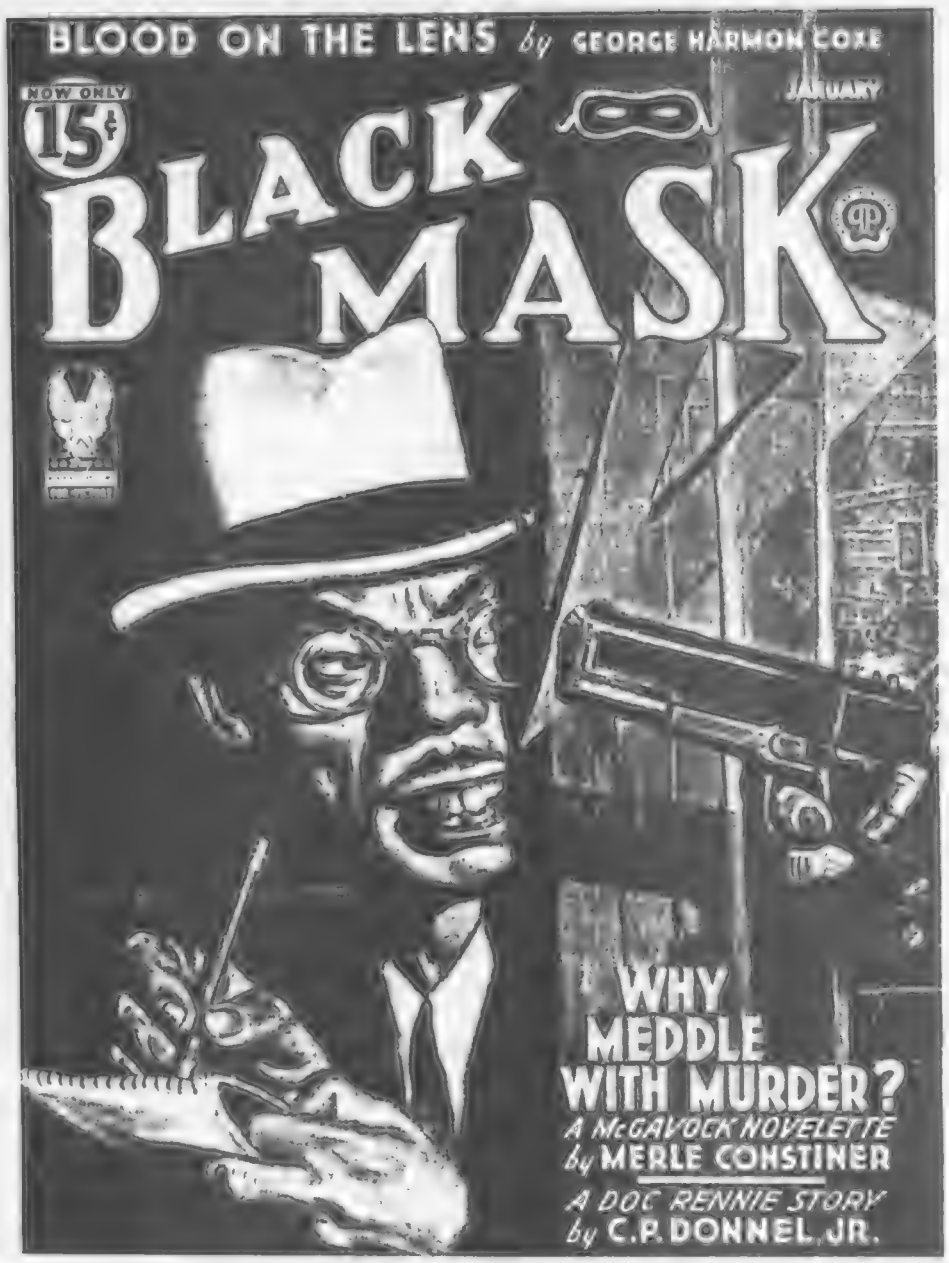
Q: Could you reel off some of your magazine titles?

A: Black Mask, Thrilling, Argosy, Top-Notch, The Spider, Operator 5, Ace G-Man, Dime Detective, Dime Western, Western Story, Wild West, Star Western, Ghost Detective, Thrilling Detective, Adventure . . .

Q: Approximately, how many covers for the

10¢ TWELVE STORIES!
OCTOBER
DETECTIVE
12 STORIES
TALES
10
THE WANDERING CORPSE
A BANNER MYSTERY NOVEL
by TIAH DEVITT
MURDER PLAYS HOOKY
CRIME NOVELETTE OF STARK COURAGE
by CARROLL JOHN DALY
COX · WHITE
GREGORY · MYERS
JAMES AND OTHERS

Some of the portraits that de Soto is doing these days.



various titles, from the beginning of your career, to the demise of pulps in 1953, do you think you painted?

A: Rough estimate, about eight hundred of them. I may not have been the best artist in the world, but I doubt that anyone painted more covers.

Q: Did you have any period during the Depression that was extremely hard financially?

A: Yes, oh yes! It was difficult to get paid for my covers at times. I remember one time, it was an office at The News Building, on 42nd Street. An Art Director there gave me two covers to paint and I needed those covers badly! I went home, didn't even have the studio at that time, took my time, and did the covers the best I could. I went back to deliver them and the office was completely vacated. They had "moved". I never found them. Evidently, one of those things that happened during the Depression. It must have been '36 or '38, at the height of the Depression. When I came out of the place, I saw those men selling apples. I thought, I should have been doing that, too, instead of making covers.

Q: Rafael, as the Dean of Pulp Cover Artists, what technique or innovation made your work so strong and distinctive?

A: I introduced the idea of running the black shadows of the faces into the background to convey more of the malevolent mood, especially for the Black Mask detective stories. The editors loved it, so I kept doing it. That's why there were so many covers with black backgrounds and the shadows being run right into it. The flesh tones and the hair of the girls are extremely prominent.

Q: What about your live models? It seems traditional that artists keep repeating their wives in paintings.

A: Most of them were *my* two wives; one is still alive. I did blondes constantly. And so many teeth! Pulp covers called for flashing teeth and flashing knives. Oh, yes! And I had one man model in particular, a fine villain, bald head with the veins standing out, and a big, hooked nose. He practically lived in my studio.

Q: What was the average paid for a cover, toward the end of the pulps?

A: About three hundred dollars apiece.

Q: Was your activity during World War II, from 1941 on to '45, more active?

A: That was the most active period of my life. I was doing covers, illustrations, work for Collier's, Liberty, American Weekly, Argosy, True. . .

Q: Mostly war-directed and war effort illustrations of fighting men?

A: Yes. Did I show you the black and white aerial view I made of the bombing of Tokyo? It turned out to be the bombing of New York City. I never found an aerial view of Tokyo. So, I used Manhattan, with fire and smoke, a couple of pagodas around Times Square, and would you believe it, no one ever knew the difference.

Q: So, the year that you began was basically right at the bottom of the Depression, around 1932.

A: That was the hard time.

Q: The pulps ended, largely because of their lack of distribution, around 1953?

A: Comic books, television, whatever. After the pulps died, I went into paperbacks. I have just as many covers of paperbacks as I have of pulps. I started with Dell Publishing Company, around 1953 or 1954. I also worked for Signet. And Pines was putting out paperbacks and I did an awful lot of work for Pines. And Ace, too.

Q: What are you doing now, Rafael?

A: Just now I'm doing mostly portraits, which I love to do. That is my main activity. I don't do work for magazines any more because I'd have to go into the city. I do portraits, and once in a while a paperback. I'm satisfied. Another one of my sources now is doing religious calendars. Last year I did three of them and this year I have five of them lined up to do. The only trouble is, I have to do all twelve paintings before I get paid. I don't mind.

Q: Finally, Rafael, some sentimental bit about the old days. . .

A: When I was a boy, in Puerto Rico, there was a priest there, and he came to visit me, many years afterwards. He had wanted me to become a priest. I was doing these pulp covers at the time, so he looked at them, horrified. "Do you have to do these things?", he asked. "Why not? I have to make a living." He stayed with me about two weeks. I needed a model once, a fellow in handcuffs. I asked him, "Father, will you model for me?" He said, "Don't squeeze them too hard on my wrists". I had one key, it opened one, but not the other. I had to go out and buy a hacksaw and spent two hours, sawing that handcuff off him. The priest kept saying, "If the Bishop could see me now. . ."

Stan Lynde

In our issue # 42, for June 1979, Stan Lynde told us about his new strip, LATIGO, which was launched June 25, 1979, by the Field Newspaper Syndicate. In this follow-up story Stan tells of a great change which has taken place in his life.

Born Again.

How many times we've all heard that phrase, especially in recent years. Hardly a week goes by that we don't hear or read of some sports figure, entertainer, politician, or other celebrity who claims the experience, or has it claimed for him.

And how many of us have shaken our heads in derision at a Billy Graham crusade (and promptly changed the channel) or viewed with skepticism the claimed conversion of a Chuck Colson, or sneered at the publicized celebrity baptisms in Pat Boone's swimming pool?

I can't give you any figures, but I can say that for most of my life I was one of those people. I felt superior to—and offended by—street corner evangelists, television and radio preachers, the organized churches, the "Jesus people" of the sixties, religion in general, and Christianity in particular.

My smugness was perverse, all-inclusive, and consistent, because my mind was closed on the subject; my attitude toward religion was that of superior spectator, not that of a participant or seeker.

That should have told me something, right there.

And yet, through all those years, I considered myself a Christian, in a cultural, American, WASPish kind of way. I could discuss the Bible at length (although I had never read most of it) and tell anyone who would listen where it was wrong; I would attend church services three or four times a year and tell anyone who would listen where the preacher was wrong.

I was convinced that I knew all about spiritual matters; after all, I had taken Introduction to Humanities during my brief stay at college—I'd studied Greek mythology and all that stuff! I'd read a lot about reincarnation and astrology; I'd had my personal horoscope cast, and even knew my sun and moon signs! And I'd seen every Jesus movie Hollywood ever made!

Well, as Walter Cronkite used to say, "That's the way it was."

The truth was that I really did have a religion during all those years, and a god I was devoutly faithful to—myself, and my work. As for any nagging doubts about the hereafter or real happiness and fulfillment in this life, I just swept them under the rug and used my ego as my guide as I pushed on to find the American Dream and the Good Life.

And as time passed I found that I actually had most of the things I thought I wanted. I was in good health, I had some fame, some fortune, and I was living in the part of the country I loved most. I had the general good will and opinion of my fellow Montanans. I even got a lot of fan mail from people from all over the world—I signed autographs and everything!

But I found, as time went by, that I had to work even harder—do even more—to maintain the image; not only my public image, but my own image of myself. I found that I didn't dare look back over my life too closely because I didn't like what I saw there. The failures, the excesses, the broken marriages, the people I had hurt and disappointed—these were all still swept under the rug, but that old rug was getting pretty lumpy, and I knew

Lynde as 'Latigo'

LATIGO

by Stan Lynde

3/7
I HOPE I'VE GIVEN YOU A CLEAR PICTURE OF WHAT YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST AS MARSHAL HERE„
„TO BE FRANK, I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU IF YOU TURNED US DOWN, BUT WE DO NEED YOU.
I'LL STAY, MAYOR„I'LL WEAR THE STAR, AND I'LL DO THE JOB„
„AND I CAN PROMISE YOU I'LL DO MY VERY BEST TO AVOID BEING KILLED.
© Field Enterprises, Inc. 1981
STAN LYNDE

The above art was done especially for CARTOONIST PROfiles by Stan Lynde, and will interest particularly western strip history buffs.

what was under there—and I didn't like it.

And then, with the passage of time, I came to my Finest Hour. I had followed the star of my ego to its lowest ebb and I found myself helpless, broke, miserable, and scared.

When negotiations with Chicago Tribune–New York News Syndicate failed in 1977, I left RICK O'SHAY and saw my creation (the major focus of my worship for nearly 20 years) change as the strip was guided by other hands.

For a time I turned to fine arts and illustration, but my one ambition in life had been to do a syndicated strip on the west, and deep down I knew I still wanted to.

My god had failed, because my god was myself—and it was the only one I'd ever really known. This self-god, the Great Ego, the Almighty Me, had led me through divorce to booze, to attempted suicide, and to most of the known sins. I still couldn't recite the Ten Commandments, but I had broken most of them at one time or another. And I had done a pretty thorough job of breaking myself, as well.

I realize that all this doesn't sound like anybody's finest hour, but it was for me. I had encountered, at age 46, a brick wall, both personally and professionally; I stopped running, surrendered, and turned to Jesus. Like all those people I used to deride, I became Born Again.

And Jesus did more than change my life, He restored it, He enhanced it, and He began the process of repairing the lifetime of damage I had done to it.

The offer which came from FIELD in late spring of 1978 led to the creation and syndication of LATIGO and a second chance to produce a syndicated strip, and LATIGO has grown steadily since that time, both in this country and abroad.

The first of a series of novels based on the character, published by CBS-Fawcett, has just been released; a series of original comic books is planned for Europe.

With the demise of RICK O'SHAY in February of this year, LATIGO became—for the present, at least—the sole survivor of the western adventure strip in America, and it has moved into several of the markets which formerly carried RICK.

Al Capp once defined cartooning as "illustration plus a personal point of view" and I agree. Because my point of view has changed, the philosophical content of LATIGO has, too, and my next story will introduce minister JORDAN RIVERS to the town of RIMFIRE, and to the reader.

Most cartoonists create their own worlds, and for some an area like Dogpatch, Okefenokee Swamp, or Conniption becomes the staging area for a kind of morality play, as seen from its creator's point of view.

This will be the case in LATIGO's town RIMFIRE, and such characters as LATIGO, LUKE TAGGART, CLAUDIUS MAX, and JORDAN RIVERS will represent my attitudes toward the law, medicine, amoral business, and the clergy, respectively.

First and foremost, though, the strip will seek to entertain; this has to be the primary function of any successful strip. The philosophy, or point of view, must, I think, be secondary and a vehicle and general atmosphere for the strip's content.

But the philosophy will be there in LATIGO because it is in me, and it is the focus and center of my new life. The term "Born Again" is more than just a handy religious catch-phrase; it is literal truth. The experience brought me back from death to life—to abundant life—and I promise you it is real and it can do the same for you.

And now, having said all that, it's time to get back to the drawing board; I've talked enough about the point of view, now it's time for some of that good old illustration! ●

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Marketplace

SALES CATALOGUE

SPECIAL MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS

STORY OF AMERICA IN CARTOONS, 114 page Museum publication of its popular 1976 Bicentennial Exhibit. American social issues and events throughout history portrayed in classic and unique cartoons. Much of the artwork in this book has not been reprinted since its original publication. Originally $3.50, Now $2.00.

TAD. A Museum collection of cartoons and articles by the famed Thomas Aloysius Dorgan. This is a limited edition pamphlet which includes examples of TAD's best. Only $1.00.

DICK TRACY, THE ART OF CHESTER GOULD, 44 pages. Over-sized special exhibit booklet covering the largest one-man show the Museum has mounted to date. $1.00.

INKLINGS. Special back issues of the Museum's now out-of-print quarterly publication. Available issues 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10. Originally $1.00 each, now 50ç each.

CAVALCADE OF COMICS. A history of the comic strips from 1896 to the present. Sponsored by The Newspaper Comics Council. $1.00

TERRY & THE PIRATES: RAVEN-EVERMORE? by Milton Caniff. Special limited edition of the complete highly acclaimed episode from 1941. $4.00.

SPECIAL OFFERS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY NATIONAL CARTOONISTS SOCIETY, April 19, 1976. 66 page program from the Awards Dinner. Includes brief articles, illustrations and cartoons by Bill Gallo, Irma Goldberg, Milton Caniff, Bob Dunn, Jack Tippit and others. Clearance sale $1.00.

CRIMMERS. Winter, 1975-articles on Hogarth, Szep, Disney, Expressionism, Motion. Spring 1976-articles on Little Nemo, David Levine, Harvey Kurtzman, Politics of Comics. Each one of these back issues of this journal of the narrative arts, Originally $3.00, Now $1.00.

SAM'S STRIP LIVES! 50 pages. A collection of Sam's Strip, the unique strip by Mort Walker and Jerry Dumas, in which Sam broke the boundaries of comic strip tradition. The Museum is the sole source for this booklet. Only $1.50.

HAGAR & THE BASILISK, by Dik Browne. Over-sized, full-color edition of the complete story, and other tales featuring Hagar the Horrible, Helga, Hamlet and the rest. Originally $4.95, Now $3.00.

THE HARDER THEY FALL, 84 pages. By Pulitzer Prize winning political cartoonist Paul Szep. Collection of Szep's Boston Globe cartoons. With an Introduction by Robert Redford. $3.00.

THE SANDERS BOOK, 216 pages, published by *The Milwaukee Journal*. Large collection of political cartoons by one of America's foremost editorial cartoonists, Bill Sanders. $5.00.

ORIGINAL ARTWORK

ABBIE AND SLATS by Raeburn Van Buren Dailies $75., Sundays $150.
TIGER by Bud Blake Dailies '74 $40.

SMITTY by Walter Berndt 1968 Sunday $75.
BRENDA STARR by Dale Messick 1967 Daily $50.
WINNIE WINKLE by Martin Branner. Dailies, 1920's-1930's, $125 each. Sunday 1924, $250.
MUTT AND JEFF by Bud Fisher. Dailies (1913, '14,'15) $250 each.

THEATER CARICATURES by Sam Norkin for The New York News $200.
PRINCE VALIANT by John Cullen Murphy $250. PRINCE VALIANT by Hal Foster $12.00.

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART Marketplace

SALES CATALOGUE

SUPERKERNAL by Guy Gilchrist, color, $125.
SUPERKERNAL IDEA SKETCHES by Guy Gilchrist, $5.00.
BEETLE BAILEY IDEA SKETCHES, by Mort Walker, $10.00
PRINCE VALIANT Idea Sketches by Hal Foster, $75.00.
INDOOR SPORTS by Tad 1926. Card game scene, $150. (others available).
OUTDOOR SPORTS by Tad, many available, $150.
HI AND LOIS by Mort Walker and Dik Browne. Daily $75, Sunday $125. Specific strips may be available to first person ordering.
AMY by Jack Tippit. Daily panel $35.
BOOMER by Mel Casson and Bill Brown. Daily $50, Sunday $100.
POPEYE by Bud Sagendorf. Daily $75.
PROFESSOR PHUMBLE by Bill Yates. Daily $50.
BONER'S ARK by Addison. Daily $50, Sunday $100. Specific dates may be available to first person ordering.
HAGAR THE HORRIBLE by Dik Browne. Daily $75, Sunday $150. Specific dates may be available to first person ordering.
BEETLE BAILEY by Mort Walker. Daily $75, Sunday $125. Specific dates may be available to first person ordering.
BUZ SAWYER by Roy Crane. Daily $100.
REDEYE by Gordon Bess. Daily $50.

POPEYE by Bill Zaboly 1959. Daily $75.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY by Darrell McClure. 1963. $100 Daily.
ELMER by Doc Winner. 1956 Sunday $85.
BRINGING UP FATHER by Vernon Greene. 1961. Daily $75.
TOOTS AND CASPER by Jimmy Murphy 1951 Sunday $150
LITTLE IODINE by Jimmy Hatlo. 1962 Sunday $125.
IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS by Jimmy Murphy. 1931 Sunday $125.
BARNEY BAXTER by Frank Miller. 1942 (No Barney) $100. By Naylor, Daily $65.
ROOM AND BOARD by Gene Ahern. 1942 Sunday $150.
THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME by Bob Dunn & Al Scaduto. Daily $75.
THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME by Jimmy Hatlo 1953. $100 Sunday, 1963 Daily $75.

SOFTCOVER BOOKS

THE LEXICON OF COMICANA by Mort Walker. Just released, the LEXICON is a satirical book making fun of cartoon devices, but also an encyclopedia for anyone interested in comics and for aspiring cartoonists. $4.95.

CARTOONING THE HEAD AND FIGURE by Jack Hamm. The classic instruction book on cartooning. $5.95

DRAWING COMICS, DRAWING & SELLING CARTOONS, DRAWING FUNNY PICTURES, all by Jack Markow. Three beginning-level instruction books, each $2.50.

(Include extra money for first class postage if desired. (Each of the above originals has been selected for condition, quality and content. Except where noted, they all feature the main character.)

If you are a member of the Museum of Cartoon Art, deduct 10% and 20% for original art work.
Minimum order $5.00. If N.Y. State resident, add 5% tax. Add $1.50 postage and handling in North America, $3.00 if sent overseas.

Send check or money order to THE MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART, Comly Avenue, Town of Rye, Port Chester, NY 10573

COMIC PRESS INSERTS

springing up everywhere!

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

Here's what some successful press insert users have to say:

Chicago Tribune

Anthony Flowers, Advertising Manager

". . . at a time when cost of production and newsprint is up, press inserts offer cost efficiencies. Four color reproduction in the comics pops out very well. The advertiser can save on production costs. Increased business for us."

Dallas Times Herald

Richard Merrill, Vice President/Advertising

". . . new business and extra business from Dallas advertisers. High readership in comics, flexibility in color usage, quality reproduction and excellent printing."

CALL OR WRITE FOR DETAILS:

Peter A. Vogt, Vice President In Charge of Sales

THE GREATER BUFFALO PRESS, INC.

302 GROTE STREET, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14207

716 876-6410

THE WINNERS RUN WITH FIELD!

• MEN AND WOMEN - Mel Calman • MARK TRAIL'S OUTDOOR TIPS - Ed Dodd • THE GIRLS - Franklin Folger • BELVEDERE - George Crenshaw • WORD-A-DAY - Mickey Bach • BETSEY CLARK - Hallmark • TIME OUT - Jeff Keate • GRIN & BEAR IT - George Lichty & Fred Wagner • BROTHER JUNIPER - Fred McCarthy • STRICTLY BUSINESS - Dale McFeatters • BIG GEORGE - Virgil Partch • OUR FASCINATING EARTH - Phil Seff & David Baer III • DUNAGIN'S PEOPLE - Ralph Dunagin • DENNIS THE MENACE - Hank Ketcham • Willy 'n ETHEL - Joe Martin • SYLVIA - Nicole Hollander • TRAVELS WITH FARLEY -Phil Frank • ANDY CAPP - Reggie Smythe • APARTMENT 3-G - Dr. Nick Dallis & Alex Kotzky • B.C. - Johnny Hart • CROCK - Don Wilder & Bill Rechin • FRED BASSET - Alex Graham • FUNKY WINKERBEAN - Tom Batiuk • GOOSEMYER - Don Wilder & Brant Parker • JOHN DARLING - Tom Batiuk & Tom Armstrong • JUDGE PARKER - Dr. Nick Dallis & Harold LeDoux • KERRY DRAKE - Alfred Andriola & Sururi Gumen • LATIGO - Stan Lynde • MARK TRAIL - Ed Dodd & Jack Elrod • MARY WORTH - Allen & John Saunders & Ken Ernst • MISS PEACH - Mell Lazarus • MOMMA - Mell Lazarus • REX MORGAN, M.D. - Dr. Nick Dallis & Marvin Bradley & Fernando DaSilva • RIVETS - George Sixta • STEVE CANYON - Milton Caniff • STEVE ROPER - John Saunders & Bill Overgard • THE RYATTS - Jack Elrod • TUMBLEWEEDS - Tom K. Ryan • WEE PALS - Morrie Turner • WIZARD OF ID - Brant Parker & Johnny Hart •

EDITORIAL CARTOONISTS

• HERBLOCK - Herbert Block • MAULDIN - Bill Mauldin • SANDERS - Bill Sanders • BEST & THE WITTIEST: Gary Brookins • Bill DeOre • Bob Gorrell • Mike Keefe • Kate Salley Palmer • John Trever •

---

fns FIELD
NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

HEADQUARTERS: 1703 KAISER AVE., P.O. BOX 19620, IRVINE, CA 92714 · 714/549-8700 **CHICAGO:** 401 NORTH WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, IL 60611 · 312/321-2227

NEW YORK: 30 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK, NY 10017 · 212/682-5560 A Division of Field Enterprises, Inc. fe